

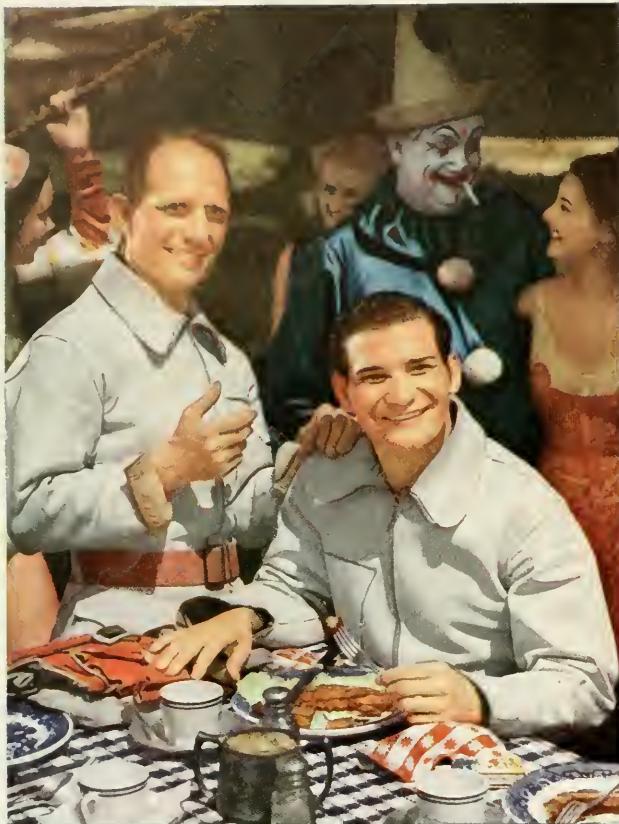
C
Ilburgsi

Siren



Twenty
Cents

Freshman Issue — 1936



HUMAN COMETS. Hugo and Mario Zacchini disappear into a monster cannon. *A flash!—a crash!*—and they hurtle into distant nets. "Mario and I both smoke Camels," says Hugo. "Camels keep digestion working smoothly."



"**NEWS COMES FIRST,**" says Miss Helen Nolan, reporter, "eating, second. So I turn to Camels. Food tastes better and digests easier."



FIRST in the grueling Albany-New York Outboard Marathon! Clayton Bishop says: "Camels are a swell aid to digestion."

**PEOPLE CAN MEET TERRIFIC STRAIN—YET ENJOY GOOD DIGESTION.
SMOKERS SPEAK FROM EXPERIENCE WHEN THEY SAY—**

"For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels!"

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

**Costlier
Tobacco!**

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOES—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.



MODERN life bombards us all with a thousand and one little jars, shocks, and nervous irritations. The strain tells on digestion...slows down the flow of digestive fluids.

And it is to Camels that one naturally turns to put more enjoyment into eating. As you enjoy your Camels at mealtime, the flow of digestive fluids speeds up...alkalinity is increased. You feel at rights with the world!

Camel's invigorating "lift"...Camel's aid to digestion...Camel's matchless taste and fragrance—all these are yours when you make Camels *your* cigarette. Camels set you right! And they never get on your nerves.



GREATER ATTRACTION

Mother: Don't you want to be the kind of a girl that people look up to?

Edna: No, I wanna be the kind of girl that people look around at.

—S—

"Hey, Jake, where are the old cupidors?"

"I threw them away."

"Gosh, I'm going to miss them."

"You always did."

—S—

Co-ed, in Hanley's: I want a plain coke without flavor.

Waitress: What flavor do you want it without?

Co-ed: What flavors have you got?

Waitress: We have chocolate, pineapple, vanilla and caramel.

Co-ed: Well, I wanted it without strawberry.

Waitress: I'm sorry, we're all out of strawberry. Would you just as soon have it without chocolate?

—S—

Radio comedians now work on the trophy system. After they use a joke three times it becomes their permanent possession.

—S—

"Mother called father a stupid ass. Father called mother an idiot."

"But why are you crying?"

"What am I?"

OVERHEARD

"What's all the hurry?"

"Just bought a new textbook and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out!"

NEW FEATURE

(See Page 4)

Beginning with this issue The Siren will print a familiar campus view.

It is our belief that many of you will welcome the chance to tear out these pages, and, in later years, have a permanent collection of views of your Alma Mater.

The first view . . . may we explain to new students . . . is the Law building, whence come the familiar rhymes that are part of one of Illinois' most cherished traditions.

In the next issue we will again print a familiar scene . . . won't you let us know which one you would like to have.

The Editors.

FOOTBALL

- Sept. 26—De Paul -----Here
- Oct. 3—Washington U.---Here
- Oct. 10—Southern Calif. ---Here
- Oct. 17—Iowa ---At Iowa City
- Oct. 24—Northwestern ---Here
- Homecoming
- Oct. 31—Mieh. ---At Ann Arbor
- Nov. 14—Ohio State ----Here
- Dad's Day
- Nov. 21—Chicago -----There

DAFFY-NITIONS

A trumpet—A trumpet is an instrument which people think blows sweet notes, but don't, but saxaphones.

Rain—Rain is stuff that we try to keep out of to keep from getting as wet as.

Text Book—A text book is a thing with pages and a cover on both sides that students are supposed to read, but don't, but never crack.

—S—

MISUNDERSTOOD ORDERS

Boss: Say, what does this mean? Someone called up, said that you were sick and you couldn't show up today.

Employee: Ha! Ha! The joke's on him. He wasn't supposed to call up until next Friday!

—S—

"I think I'll put the motion before the house," said the hootchy kootcher as she danced out onto the stage.

—S—

Sign on a laundry window: "Don't Kill Your Wife. Let Us Do the Dirty Work!"

—S—

"Physicists are attempting to weigh light."

"They're behind the times. Butchers have been doing that for years."

University of Illinois

SIREN

Freshman Issue

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SEPTEMBER, 1936

JIM WILL
Editor

HARRY MODELL
Business Manager

Published 6 months, September, November, December, February, April, May, during the school year by the Illinois Publishing Co., University Station, Urbana, Illinois. Address all communications to The Siren, University Station, Urbana, Illinois. Twenty cents the copy. Entered as second class matter at the Post-office at Urbana, Illinois, by act of Congress March 3, 1879. Exclusive reprint rights on all material under five hundred words granted recognized college humor magazines.



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You can't go wrong with PRINCE ALBERT!



There's mighty good reason why Prince Albert is the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco. The pick of choice tobaccos gives it deep-down satisfying tastiness. The special "crimp cut" insures mild, cool smoking. And the "no-

bite" process takes the nip out of every fragrant, nut-brown particle of Prince Albert.

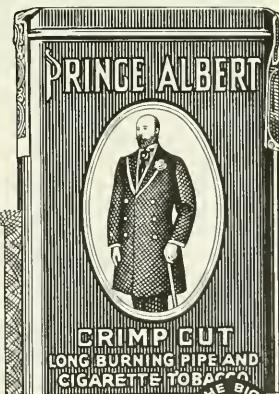
There's no other tobacco like this *princely* joy smoke, men. Prince Albert is tops for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

Try PRINCE ALBERT at our risk

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



50 pipefuls of
fragrant tobacco in every
2-oz. tin of Prince Albert



THE LAW BUILDING



SHE:... "FRESH!!!"

HE:... "YOU SAID IT!"



ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.

Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

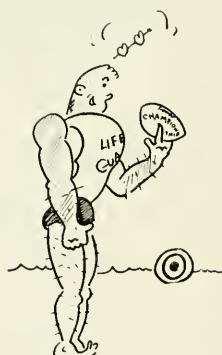
Copr., 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

PRIZE-CROP TOBACCO MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

THINGS 'N STUFF



THINGS 'n' stuff happen during the summer and we noticed a few . . . if we missed you we are sorry . . . and maybe it is better we did . . . or is it? . . . Again before we start don't look around for "Broadwalk" or "Coke 'n' Smoke" . . . this is it all rolled into one. . . . First let us mention the escapades of the "Bidwellites" at Madison. . . . Starting out with probably one of the smoother? people from the University of Illinois let me call your attention to "FATSO" GLEASON, better known as CHI PSI "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl" who made a hit with the Delt housemother. In fact, as Eddie was climbing up the wall to the girls' room she took a shot with her little .44 and Eddie . . . not knowing which way to turn . . . dived into Lake Mendota. . . . This splashed all the water out and consequently there was no swimming until it rained three days later. . . . In the meanwhile ART COLLINS, Prexy of the Lodge, was whipping down Observatory Hill to the Infirmary. . . . His date, KAY SCHMIOEGER, KAT alum, had sat on one of those glass things containing beer and needed two stitches to hold herself together. . . . It may sound crazy but everything happens at Madison. . . . One-fifth of the SIGMA KAPPA household decided to further their education? this past summer up at Madison also . . . the summer paradise . . . and we wonder if JANE HUEY, "CHRIS" ZOLLER and ELINOR CHILTON learned much outside of "Romance under a Wisconsin moon." . . . They say the men are much nicer up there . . . at least during the summer. . . . I was talking to "DOGWOOD" JUDY, Sig Alph politician and he claims that the rumor that he was hitch-hiking to Madison to see a "frill" had no ground. . . . Of course, a mere 125 miles from Sparta to Madison didn't prevent "LAUGHING BOY" WALLIE WILLARD. . . . Yes another one of those Lodge boys . . . from dropping down for the mint julep party given for "TOOTHIE" LARGE and "QUEENIE" Byers, more KATS . . . "EADIE" MCKINSTTRY, a sorority sister, entertained by jumping off the pier in somebody's top-coat. . . . This weight plus our EDITH'S own buxom beauty would have been her end if DON BOWMAN . . . Ye Gods . . . another CHI PSI? . . . hadn't jumped in and dragged her by her streaming stresses to shore. . . . MORRIE GREEN and "SCOOTER" BRENNAN, SIGMA NUS, entertained the better BETA girls by playing black-jack with them on the balcony after closing hours. . . . The boys always seem to loose . . . that's right . . . there is no chance for hooking the dice. . . . CARL SUNDSTROM and AL BROOKS, DELTS, have bachelor? rooms at the Claridge Apartments. . . . Their



Japanese prints are worth seeing. . . . That reminds us that JEAN SMITH, THETA, was up there to see GEORGE ALLEN, another DELT. . . . Their idea of a wild week end was missing church. . . . Oh you kids . . . and further immortalizing by sipping luscious strawberry sodas in a campus den of iniquity. . . . The former A. O. PI trick, LOIS DAVIS, was up to swim and sail with PAUL MINTER, once a DELTA SIG at our alma mater. . . . The statue of Lincoln didn't rise when BERNICE SAMMERS and HERMINE MYERS, A. E. PHI curbstone cuties stood directly in front of him. . . . For full understanding of this ask any of the aforementioned individuals . . . BETTY MERRIAM . . . No, the THETAS don't hold sway up here . . . and AL MULLIKEN, DELT, went dancing with a crowd of us one memorable Saturday night. . . . They excused themselves to dance and returned in nothing lass than three hours. . . . What was it? . . . Some kind of marathon? . . . Imagining what a sight JEAN HOEBEL and KITTY THOMPSON, more THETAs, presented to the BETA battle-ax house marm, when she caught them crawling up the balcony after late dates with "BUD" KAESER and "HOWIE" RUSSELL, the "treat-'em tough" SIG ALPH children. . . . I wish you could tell us who is the THETA DELTA CHI that keeps phoning and calls himself "TOM COLLINS". . . . What is his trouble . . . besides being a "spook"? . . . At least he haunts us. . . . MARY COURTRIGHT, last year's B. W. O. C. can be seen almost any afternoon trying to keep her fat tummy bobbing under the BETA pier. She is in hot water because she doesn't know if she prefers the 18-year-old to the law "stew". . . . One night the CHI PSIs were throwing a beer party. . . . Unusual eh? SID AUER, our old business manager, was presiding. . . . One of the smarter boys asked her when she was going to start paying a house bill. . . . Sid replied in rather strong language that she ought to get something for teaching "SWEDE" ANDERSON . . . a CHI PSI that was . . . calisthenics . . . Last year's Soph. prexy, AL BITZER, flunk, drove up here in his new car to impress one and all. . . . His impression was so over-whelming that a PI PHI from Texas exclaimed: "Oh look at the lonk drink of warm lemonade wrapped in cellophane." . . . CARLYN REINEBERG, WGCD, was been, is probably still raving about her three hour love affair with an ALPHA DELT from Amherst. . . . "HONKY" BARTHOLLOW, red-headed KKG of '39 who is known for those nether limbs she flashed around . . . we admit she has a right to . . . is so hospitable that despite all protests from higher authorities, insists on kissing her PSI U passion good-night at 4 a. m. . . . How we miss that KAPPA blue-room, girls. . . . The CHI PSIs must still have some money . . . even though they don't spend it on their dates. . . . JACK TRIGENZA paid his deposit on his room and never showed up. . . . Maybe it was from taking one little drink for bridges and two for white horses. . . . But enough is enough no matter how good . . . so let us stay at ILLINOIS and go to Bidwells and forget that we are not as "smooth" as we



SHOTS SPORT

By BOB WILT

This year it is a grin, defiant Zuppke; it is a determined, spirited team; it is a hopeful, anxious student body; and it is a rugged, powerful Conference—and one of the main reasons is that Illinois expects to return to its gridiron glory of the past with a desperate, well-balanced eleven strengthened greatly by a promising crew of sophomores and ably supported by stalwart veterans, all endeavoring to terminate the reign of the vicious Minnesota Gophers and to stain the spotless victory trail of Ohio State's Buckeyes.

All such furor and enthusiasm has developed because for the first time in recent years there will be size to augment the usually sturdy but small linemen and there will be technique and power in the backfield to replace the daring "Flea Circus"—one of Zup's newest and most formidable creations. Add to that the craft of the veteran Zuppke, beginning his 23rd year at the Illinois helm, who admits the great possibilities that await to be developed and who hopefully visions his most successful eleven since the last championship days.

Of course there are ifs. Last year injury ran amuck and ruined each winning combination—Lindberg, Sayre, and then finally Spurgeon each falling victim. Already this year, fate has played an important role—keeping the coaches in suspense pending the injury of Jack Berner, outstanding sophomore lineman last year who was to be used at quarterback this season. His definite loss will cause an early change of plans. However, the greatest gamble this fall is on the many aspiring newcomers who have proved their mettle somewhat in the drills last season and this spring. Only time will tell whether or not they are ready for actual competition. The other chance to be taken is the discarding of the highly successful "Flea Circus" in favor of the style of football more suitable to the expected heavier team. Zuppke's novelty has functioned successfully for two years, being responsible for wins over such potent teams as Ohio State and Southern California when Illinois could only present small and shifty players. The change may prove drastic, but Zuppke usually knows, and IF the sophomores come through as predicted—it will be a great Illini year.

The schedule does not really favor Illinois. The two games before the invasion of the Trojans of Southern California are not "feelers." Last year DePaul opened against Northwestern and really surprised Lynn Waldorf before losing a gallant battle, and it seems that Washington university of St. Louis just lives to play Illinois and hopefully tries to inject defeat. The only good thing is that both games are at home and thus no traveling will be done at all until after the Trojan invasion. But even such a game as one with Southern California just a week before the Big



"Hell! Kuhn you should'a perled one that time."

Ten opener is not entirely welcome in a Conference where every team is packed with surprises and intent upon winning. On October 17, the Illini gridders make their first appearance since 1929 at Iowa City in their Big Ten debut, and follow that game with the Northwestern and Michigan tilts before getting any rest whatsoever. Then, after a week's lapse, Ohio State comes to Champaign, and Chicago is met the following Saturday. It is not an easy schedule, and it will be a tough climb for especially the first-year men. It will make them or break them.

Twelve lettermen, five of them regulars, are gone from last year's group and their passing leaves a big hole in the line. Such performances as only Chuck Galbreath, Arvo Antilla, and Eddie Gryboski were capable of, will be missed, as will be the triple-threat Les Lindberg, and the invaluable George Frederick, who did a wonderful job filling in for El Sayre when the latter was injured. Others who will not return are Bob Wright, Cliff Gano, Ken Bradley, Earl Jansen and Ellsworth Van Orman, backs, and Matt Tischler and Herb Glazer, tackle and end.

Outstanding among the holdovers is Capt. El Sayre, courageous center whose fractured jaw is now perfectly healed and who seems destined to be one of Illinois' greatest centers. He is a spirited leader who never gives up. Veterans supporting him in the line are Cliff Kuhn, 170 pounds of dynamite at guard; Ken Nelson, Zup's most versatile and dependable performer who might play at end or in the backfield, and another pair of experience ends, Gene Dykstra and Francis Cantwell. Returning backs are

the sensational Lowell Spurgeon who gained fame as Lindberg's substitute, Bobby Grieve, speedy halfback, Wib Henry, six-letter winner, Jewett Cole, who likes Southern California, and fullbacks Tommy Wilson, John Kanosky, and John Theodore. Here is the nucleus of a great team, needing only assistance from the sophomores.

Rangy ends, some brilliant as pass receivers, some as blockers, and some as tacklers; heavy inner linemen, and several shifty backs, who can either pass, run or kick with equal ability have given rise to hopes that the sophomores will provide the necessary punch. Bob Castelo, a local boy, looks good at end along with Bob Reeves, Bill Johnson, and Joe Klemp; 200-pounders Harry Lasater and Al Lundberg have hopes of filling the tackle vacancies although young Bob Zuppke has shown considerable promise. Guards who look worthy are Willard Cramer, Jim McDonald, Dick Shultz, and Al Myers, while Pete Kovachic and Tom McConnell will furnish ample reserve for Capt. Sayre in the center of activities.

In the backfield, all eyes have focused on Jay Wardley most constantly. The Rockford star passes well and runs cleverly, and it is possible that he may win himself a half-back berth right from the beginning. Dave Strong, a little Tarzan, from Montana, threatens the veterans, and Leo Stasica, Ken Zimmerman, and Frank Huston all look as good material. It is a swell crop to choose from, and a good substantial reason why football at Illinois is looking up.

(Continued from Page 7)
 think we are. . . . Now for news of our campus children in Champaign and all points of the globe. . . . GENE HAINES, a local SIG CHI, started a real summer romance when he drove to Decatur to see DELORES THOMAS. . . . This was the case every week in fact. . . . That's a lot of gas and oil, but worth it. . . . Wonder who "HOWIE" KERN, D. U. Architect, will get to lay his washes now that SALLY MARSHALL has graduated. . . . Why not buy a SIREN ad HOWIE ol' boy! . . . and while we are wondering who was that Big Blonde we saw holding hands. . . . careful, that's the first sign of something or other. . . . maybe spring, I wouldn't know. . . . with? "GREAT LOVER" JOHN NELSON of THETA XI fame in Chicago's Norshore theater along about July. . . . Although it wasn't Bank Nite and John didn't win any Mohicans he enjoyed himself enough to sit through the feature twice. . . . and not alone. . . . heh, heh, heh. . . . "CAM" BROWN, PSI U, was in England during the summer learning? the Insurance business or shooting at the King so he missed the get together at Bartells. . . . Aren't those PSI U boys just a riot. . . . on hamburgers. . . . This is a dirty dig so I'll fix it up good by adding that some "skirt" asked me to put it in cause she's so tired of eating "Wimpies" that she can't look a cow in the face without blushing. . . . BILL MARSTELLER, the Gazette sport writer, was hitch-hiking on route 45 at 3 o'clock in the morning. . . . on August second. . . . you see I have all the

(Continued on Page 22)

When you forget...

The guard says "No!"
 The girl says "OH!"
 And there's nothing a man can do—
 When the happiest day
 Gets spoiled some way,
 Let Beech-Nut comfort you!

*Remember—there's comfort in
BEECH-NUT GUM*



BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor . . . and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.



BLEECH-NUT SPEARMINT... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.



BEECHIES... another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

ORALGENE—its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise . . . and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

FALL FASHION PARADE

By DONNA

ONCE again we hear the familiar cry echoing . . . "Tweeds, tweeds, tweeds!" They head the "must" list this year, particularly in suits. A three-piece tweed suit is practically half a wardrobe in itself, and there are numerous variations to keep your choice from being just like every other one on campus. For instance, a top-coat of blocked lapin in brown or black (over your conotone tweed suit) is one new idea that deserves a lot of consideration, for the top-coat can be worn with practically everything else you own. Swagger, of course. Or a top-coat of matching or harmonizing tweed with a fur collar, usually either racoon or wolf (nothing better for those exhilarating but chilly rumble seat rides) . . . whatever way you look at it, tweeds answer to any occasion. You can chance the effect of mannish sports clothes simply by donning spike heels and a very feminine hat and substituting fabric gloves for pigskins.



Which is a good example of the fact that the importance of accessories cannot be overestimated. The hat stylists have been unusually extensive in their ideas, and you can quote us, for we made a pretty thorough search of the shops in Chicago. If you're desirous of wearing a jaunty (or dizzy) little chapeau, put your shoulder to the wheel and you're sure to find any number of them that not only carry out all your extreme ideas but also look as though they were made for you.

Special mention is merited by the feminine fedora which can be bent into almost any shape. It's a good

investment, for you'll find that you've been mistaken all these years you've spent in telling yourself and the world, "I simply can't wear a fedora." And they're especially attractive, we'd even say necessary, if you vary your coiffure.

A new note in color. Let your outfits harmonize instead of match. The results are interesting and aristocratic. It can be done very nicely with the inevitable knits, which prevail as much as ever.

A two-piece velveteen dress (Chanel first thought of it, and now every college girl is following the lead) has endless uses and is always very smart. Rabbit hair wool is another popular fabric for daytime dresses. As for trimming—fur on collar, cuffs and pockets gives dash and charm and is again the height of style. Something that's very new for fall . . . a bolero over a slim one-piece dress. And you'll find the ascot present, to complete a two-piece jacket dress with a zipper front, or,

We Wish to Announce the
New Location of
**L. G. BALFOUR
COMPANY**

Fraternity Jewelers

with

**SCHUMACHER &
KAUFMAN**

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Phone 1150 Jerry Roeske, Mgr.

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Paris Cleaners

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CHAMPAIGN, ILL.



HIGH HAT
The Peak of Fashion
FOR FALL!
\$1.95 to \$4.95

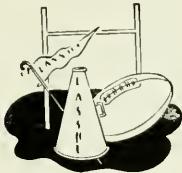
Utterly different from anything you wore last year! Fashioned from fine fur felt and trimmed with smart ribbon or skyscraper quills. Youthful and flattering shapes! Sizes 21½ to 25.

**FALL SHADES
CONSUMERS**
Champaign's Largest Millinery
Juanita B. Persong, Mgr.
Phone 5447 111 N. Neil

in fact, any dress or coat that can take the treatment.

When it comes to afternoon dresses, crepe is the thing. Tunics are correct for any event that demands something a "bit more dressy," and dozens of very stunning models are being shown. Be significant with glistening jewelry; it's a distinguishing factor, but take care to limit the quantity.

The question of formals is a fascinating one, and not too difficult. Sophistication or simplicity as best



suits you, and plenty of the new ones combine both. Crepes are preferred here too, along with moires, but the material is irrelevant. Swing is the thing, and plenty of swish to go with it. Your gown must go in cahoots with the current popular tunes. Backs are still low, but seem to have more to them. (Try a model with full, wide straps forming a graceful "X" on your back). Wrap an ankle length cape or coat of velvet (black or a deep maroon) around you when you brave the night wind.



"And so to bed." There's a new knit sleeper, exactly what every college girl wants, very pretty and comfy. You can get it in any pastel shade. A final tip, something that's far from new but still something that you'll want for week-ends . . . a delicate nightgown of pale blue or eggshell satin.

So here's to *Your* being the best dressed gal going . . .

FAINT IDEA

And then there was the gal so dumb that she thought smelling salts were sailors with B. O.

—*Log.*

—S—

WHY I NEVER JOINED A SORORITY

1. I wanted to think for myself and not to be led around by a bunch of sisters.

2. I never went in for women's organizations at home.

3. I don't want a lot of fraternity boys calling me at night.

4. I had never danced with a man in my life and I don't want to start.

5. I hated the thought of a dormitory and having to crawl over a lot of sisters to get to bed.

6. I don't like the idea of rooming with one girl for a whole semester.

7. I don't look well in sleeveless low-cut gowns.

8. I'm a male.

—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*

—S—

Teacher: "Abie, give me a sentence with the word 'pencil' in it."

Abie: "Sure teacher, if I don't wear my belt my pencil fall down."

—S—

Soph: Freshman, I bet you come from a burg where all the hicks congregate at the post-office for their mail!

Frosh: What postoffice?

—*Red Cat.*

—S—

SIMPLE

Realtor: Now here's a beautiful home overlooking the lake.

Buyer: Where's the lake?

Realtor: That's what we're overlooking.

—*Sulphur Spray.*

—S—

"Is the doctoar in?"

"No, he went out for lunch."

"Will he be in after lunch?"

"No, that's what he went out after."

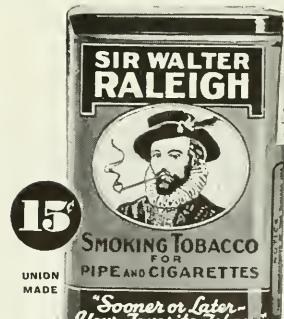
—*Froth.*

LO—THE POOR INDIAN!



TWO PUFFS from that soggy pipe full of fire-water tobacco and another redskin bit the dust. We tell travelers as well as stay-at-homes that the true pipe of peace should be regularly cleaned, and packed with nothing but inoffensive Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. It's a secret blend of definitely milder Kentucky Burley leaf. Burns slow, pacifies the tenderest tongue and spreads a most delightful and winning fragrance. We're so blamed proud of Sir Walter Raleigh we wrap it in heavy gold foil for extra freshness. Ever treated yourself to a tin? Only 15¢.

*SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA*



15

UNION
MADE

"Sooner or Later
Your Favorite Tobacco"

How to
TAKE CARE of
your PIPE

Brown &
Williamson Tobacco Corporation,
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-610.



Life Begins For '40

By STAN GOODMAN

(Warning to "40"!!!—Any freshman reading this daring ? expose before September 19 is liable to be visited by any plague deemed suitable and fitting for his crime by his respective fraternal organization. If he reads it afterwards—what the hell!!—he's still hooked for good!!!)

* * * * *

Once more, a new semester finds us jovially slapping the suntanned backs of "old buddies" with the left mitt while we haltingly stick out our right paw in a futile gesture to collect old debts. But with this new term, the frat man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of rushing.

For a whole week preceding the arrival of the new recruits, the brothers who have united for the big drive, nail carpets, wax floors, polish brass, dig weeds and toss furniture with all of the determination and zealous inspiration of a stadium full of martyrs. When the boys finally pass out on the front lawn from exhaustion, pride, and other complications, the old homestead is shining like a silver dollar—which should be no surprise to the bond holders who have had a hunch right along that the joint wasn't worth much more than that.

Hardly has the welcome mat been dragged out of the hope chest and fumigated for use during the open season on freshmen, when the innocent quarry begins to descend upon the campus. With wild yells the frat wolves drag the protesting prey out of trains and buses, and pile them into waiting cars which drive like hell to get their precious cargo out of reach of the other fraternity riot squads.

A victim is unusually fortunate if his baggage reaches the same destination as its owner. The head hunters who were not warlike enough to capture the body, are content to fight it out for his trunk and grips; and unless the owner ransoms his luggage by accepting the pledge pin of the outfit that has become its custodian, he may be compelled to do his unwilling part to make the Illini man a picture of sartorial splendor. But then there is always consolation in the thought of how proud the old man will be when he comes down for the big game and sees a Dhi Pelt decked out in little Willie's topcoat, a Sappa Kig strutting his stuff in Willie's striped socks or a Peke who looks as though he had been poured into little Willie's purple gaberdine (Esquire please copy). But then this is only a minor calamity of fraternity life; it's a fortunate college man, indeed, who can go through four years and ever get a chance to sport him own duds, anyway.

When the fortress is finally gained, the attitude of these Black Legionnaires of the fraternity changes immediately. The prisoner is released and eager hands assist him from the car. Any baggage that he has retained is gently taken from him and is carted into the house by guys who at any other time are too lazy to snore while they're sleeping. Our hero is then introduced to a bunch of mugs

who while giving him the old pumphandle shake tell him how they have been looking forward to meeting the Badminton champ of Clambake county.

Life then really begins for "40". He is handed a clean towel every time he washes his hands; the unwritten law decrees that the most comfortable bed in the dorm shall be his; and he finds that stories which never drew even a snort in Dopeburg now throw the boys into uncontrolled spasms of gleeful howling. Mealtime reveals that even the cook has begun a concentrated drive to hook him. The food is enough to bring gustatory delight to even little Willie College who has grown into such a fine boy because his mother really knew her Dopeburg calories.

At this time the boys begin to make their impression by serenading the guest of honor with a flock of painfully practiced fraternity hymns. The fact that these merry fellows sound like the St. Paul choristers on a bender makes no difference to the kid who is beginning to like this fraternity stuff. Then Willie is treated to a Cook's Tour of the trophy room and is continually pushed in the way of those brothers who are striding around in letter and numeral sweaters or with Phi Beta keys dangling on their heaving bosoms.

Time marches on—"Yep, these boys are O. K." muses Willie. "All that stuff I heard about high pressure rushing must be the bunk." Sure it's the bunk, little fellah; you were just "hot" when you took down one of the boys in a set of tennis, although the latter was supposed to be especially proficient in that sport as his three letters indicated; or maybe you were just playing in luck when you practically blasted the intramural golf champ off the fairways.

Even the aid of the unfair sex is enlisted to complete the conquest. When one of these sorority smoothies finishes with her night's work which on this particular occasion is Willie, he is firmly convinced that he is the most fascinating hunk of attractiveness that has hit the campus in years. He also has a pretty good idea of which fraternal organization she thinks is aces. And of course she couldn't be handing him a line. Hell no, how could *she* be wrong?

Then the zero hour arrives. Suddenly Willie finds himself confronted by a bunch of scowling mugs who strangely resemble his happy playfellows of the previous joyous hours. And so with a shudder of apprehension we turn our backs as the door closes on little Willie who now finds himself in the middle of a hot box that the proprietor of a Turkish bath could well envy. The struggle is usually swift, but regardless of the victim's hardiness, there can be but one conclusion. When the door opens again, out strides Willie College who is now a fraternity man in the making.

Here's wishing ya luck, "40"!!!

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MEN'S FASHIONS

By MARV ROSENBERG

THE OLD saying that "Clothes Make the Man" is not necessarily true, but you must admit that they help to improve him. Although this issue is primarily for the incoming freshmen, I hope it will be of value to the upper classmen. Naturally the extent of one's wardrobe depends upon the interest and finances of the individual, but I shall attempt to give you some tips on the latest fashions for the college man.

We might as well begin with suits, as they are the main part of your wardrobe. The biggest thing in sport suits for classes is the single-breasted model with "side-vents" (seven inch cuts at the bottom of the back of the coat). This feature is being shown on the majority of sport suits for fall. "'Cussets," or small seven-inch bi-swingts at the shoulders are a popular running mate to the side-vents. They afford all the comfort and freedom that you can get from any sport back. There is a tendency toward plainer backs with less shirring, pleating, and the like. The best effect is brought out in this type of suit by a rough texture fabric. The front has either two or three buttons with the latter coming up fast. Slanted pockets with flaps are another style of the hour.

Far out in front coming down the home stretch is the double-breasted drape suit. The shoulders are loose and it has a deep full chest which is produced by a sharper waistline. The back of this suit is plain except for a small center vent if you prefer.

Colors are a little more sombre for fall with the polychromatic stripes and plaids the leading patterns.

For classes it is a very good idea to have combinations of sport coats and trousers. The style for coats can be any sport back. If you take the following suggestions I believe you can produce the best combina-

tions:—if wearing a dark shaded coat, wear trousers of a lighter shade and vice-versa. If the coat has a small check, wear plain or overplain trousers. Don't make your combinations too loud as it doesn't go over in the middle-west. As for your trousers, whether they are slacks or belong to a suit they should be pleated, as this gives more comfort and a better appearance. If you've once had the Talon closure, I doubt whether you will ever go back to the old construction.

The topcoat field is really dominated by the "balmacan" model, which can't be beat for comfort and style. Harris tweeds are the most popular with large overplaids as the pattern. A variation of this coat is the "reversible" which is a "balmacan" model. One side is of cloth material and the other is of a waterproof gaberdine. It gets its name from the fact that it can be worn either as a topcoat or as a raincoat.

While we are on the subject of raincoats, a bit of friendly advice to the Class of '40—when it starts to rain in Chambana you'll surely want a raincoat—and a good one!

Sweaters are popular on the Illini campus, mostly in the coat style with a sport back. For wear under a coat, a crew neck pullover or a cable-stitch V-necked model is the best. Another article you'll get a lot of use out of is a suede jacket, also in a coat model with a zipper or button front.

In furnishings I will try to give you a few of the latest styles as space does not permit me to take it up in full detail in this issue—

SHIRTS . . . The button-down collar, which is cut between a wide-spread and a regular collar, will be the most popular. Oxford weaves and Madras are the leaders in materials, with stripes, checks and

plaids the predominant patterns. One of the newest styled shirts has a high collar with medium length rounded ends. For dress, neckband shirts with wide cuffs are being worn. These are in medium tones of checks and stripes.

NECKWEAR . . . Stripes were popular last fall and again are style-setters. Bold figures are going to give stripes a close race this fall. Materials will be silk-and-wools, reps, magadors and caravets. (That vernacular may not be clear to you, so ask your dealer). Striped bow ties with pointed ends are rapidly being adopted everywhere.

HOSIERY . . . The "up and coming" thing here is the 6x3 rib in plain dark colors. You'll see a lot of them because of their smart, snug appearance at the ankle. Plaids will again be popular; it seems they just won't be forgotten.

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THINGS I'D LIKE TO SEE:

The Alpha Phi's new house.
 Fred Turner without his pipe.
 A new taxi-cab in the Twin Cities.
 A coke without ice.
 El Sayre knitting.
 Bob Reigel playing "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo,
 Hal Kemp, all at the Junior Prom.
 Memorial Stadium filled for the
 S. Calif. game.

Two old maids in a folding bed.
 President Willard leading cheers.
 Air conditioning in Uni Hall.
 A cute little freshman.
 A pretty sophomore.
 A beautiful junior.
 Any good looking girl at Illinois.

Mae West at the Orpheum.
 Paul Niedhardt in bloomers.
 Chuck Fredericks with a handlebar mustache.
 Brubaker's political machine.
 "Ruffy" Silverstein doing a fan dance.

Alf Landon and President Roosevelt fishing together.

A house mother who forgot to come down at ten-thirty.
 No eight o'clock classes.
 Any textbook for a dime.

A Fine Arts Ball that would make money.

An exchange dinner between Newman Hall and West Rezzie.
 A triple-frosted milkshake in Champaign.
 No library fines.

A freshman who knew that the *Siren* wasn't an Illini co-ed.

**PALS**

"How about a double date tonight, Jim?" asked his roomie.

"O. K. with me, if the old bus is still runnin'."

"Got an extra clean shirt?"

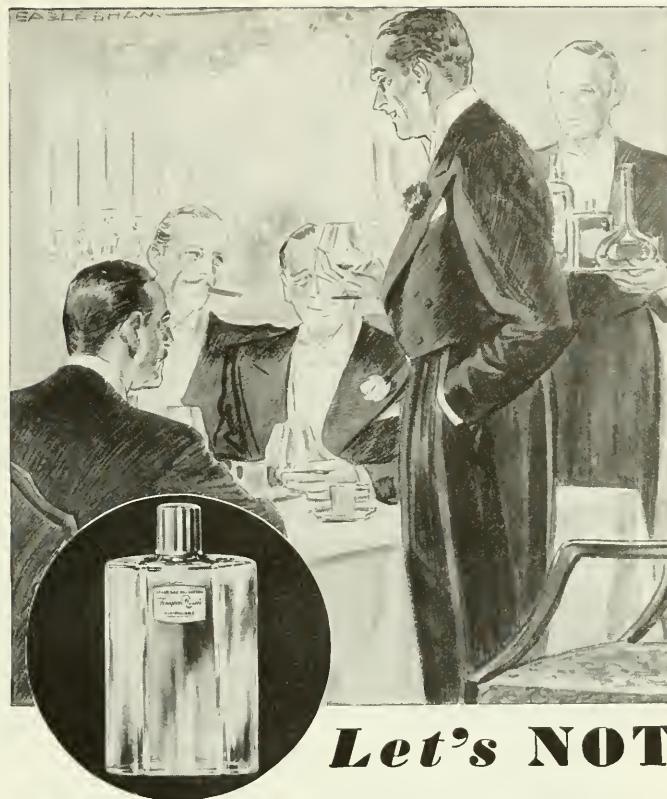
"Yeah, I guess so."

"And, say, could you lend me a couple of bucks?"

"Lord, yes, if you insist. Who the hell you got a date with?"

"That babe you been goin' with the last few months."

— Columns.



Let's NOT join the ladies!

Leave the *flower* perfumes to the ladies... let us be all *man* in the scent of our own toiletries! *Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion* is fragrant with the woodsy, fresh odor of the Royal Fern—clean, wholesome, with no hint of the boudoir, nor of the gaudy gaucheries of a waterfront barber shop. It's a cocktail for your face—an exhilarating smoother of skins, a satisfying soother of razor nicks! Price 85c.

Fougere Royale Shaving Bowl. The trend is back to Luxurious shaving via this handsomely turned out natural wood bowl of the miraculous *Fougere Royale Soap*. \$1.00.

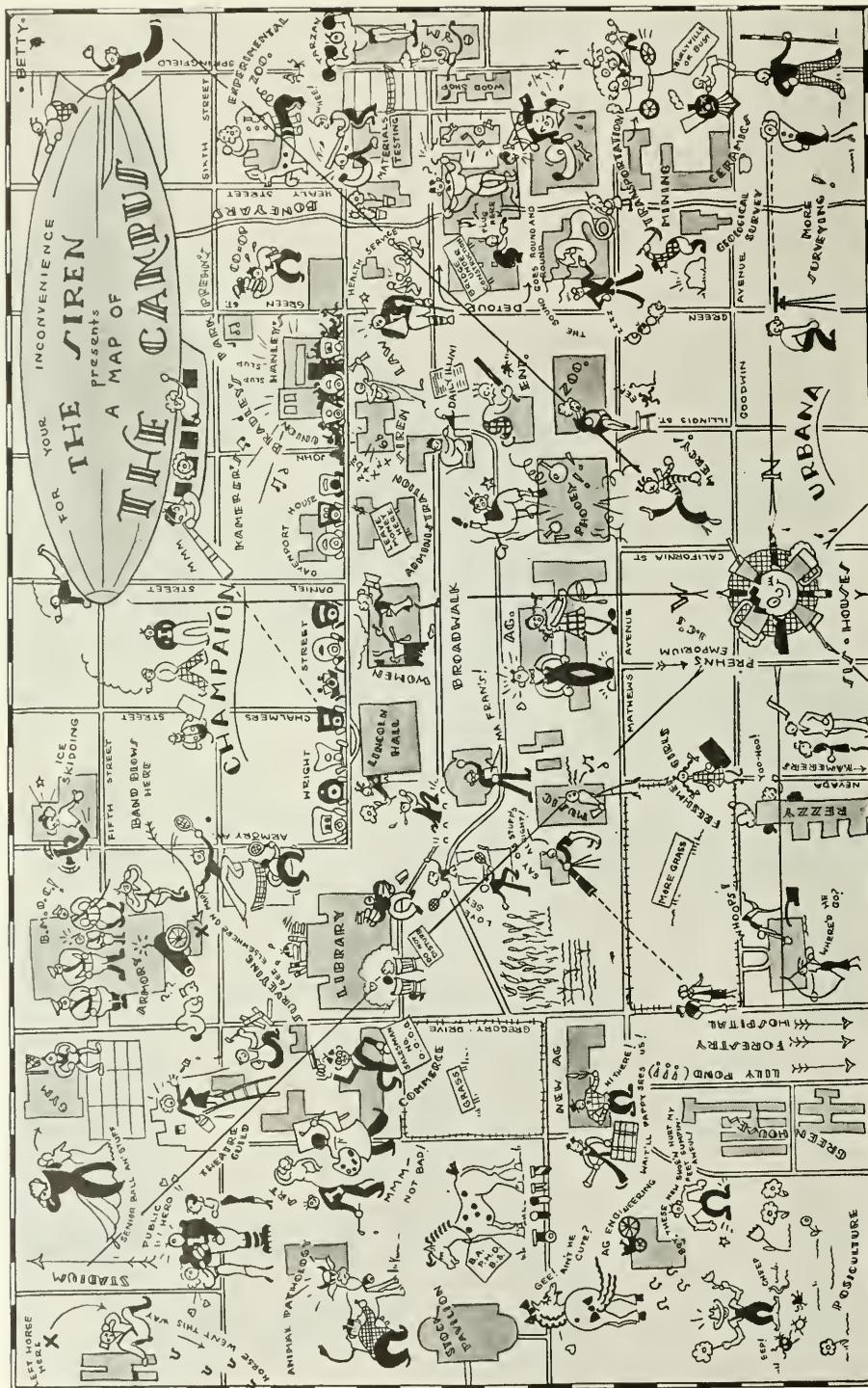
Fougere Royale Talc. Supremely fine in quality, toned for men's skin, scented for men of sensibility. There's nothing coquettish about this talc. 55c.

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GETTIN' IN.....

By BILL LIVESAY

Sit tight, youse guys, (stand, if you're sober) and listen to what a guy, which knows, has to say about this process of gettin' yourself on the rolls of a university. The first thing ya wanna do is go back to your high school and ask how ya stand—if they say on yer two feet—just laff off their blissful ignorance—bearing in mind that you will soon be ambling in the archives of—or no—existing in the edifices of higher education. You should tell the high school to transfer your record. If the record is a good one, such as Fletcher Henderson's "Chris Columbus," tell 'em to handle it with care—because when ya get to collitch you'll be "made"; every frat-house on campus will be on yer neck.

This done, wait for the university to send you tickets. To start off with a bang, the university provides you with free tickets to all kinds of attractions. First of all is the visit to the Health Service—where the main feature is an eye-opener, entitled "Physical Examination," for men only. The best time to enjoy this feature is by arriving late on the campus—then you get'ta stay in longer—since there is such a massive mob of milling mugs to mingle amongst. When ya finally get started you are standin' in front of any one of several guys who ask you if you've had any of a flock of diseases. They rattle 'em off so fast you can't understand them—so just keep saying no to everthing.

One word of warning—don't say "No" to Scarlet Fever—tell 'em ya almost died with that. If ya haven't had it—they *give* it to ya—in the arm—boy they may give it in the arm but after a while will your face be red!!! You'll be tickled "pink" with Illini scarlet fever—makes your skin just like baby's.

Another thing, you'll have to strip down for part of the examination—the Doc has to look you over for de-fects. Course if de-fects are all in order in yer brain—there ain't no use in yer comin' to collitch. Many men take a-fence when asked to strip down; they get purty sore—these cases usually end up with the Doc givin' 'em the gate—so everything works out pretty completely. The only thing lacking is the fence-post—but that soon makes its appearance, cause the Doc sez he'll keep ya well posted as to the outcome 'o yer examination.

About the final thing they do is take yer wait. If ya get there early it won't be as great. They take yer wait also, when ya leave collitch—just to see how much wear and tear you've had on the brain—and how much wait you've gained from stored knowledge. I've also heard that you can gain wait by drinkin' beer. Also ya gain with bred. College bred o-course, comes in a four year loaf.

Now yer all set to register. There are three types of registers. There is the heating register, the cash register,

and thirdly, the other type of register. The latter is the one in which we are interested. First step is to get yer study list. This may be defined as a study list. When you have studied the study list, fold it back up, turn it in, and wait for your grades—you have then completed your first semester's work.

Now it might so happen that some of you knee-o-frights would like to go for another semester. This is pretty tough, because if it takes the whole first semester to fill out the study list for the first semester, then yer out-o-luck unless you take the whole first semester to fill out the register for the second semester. Many attempts have been made by guys to register speed records in registering. The best record was six weeks, set by a big 200 pounder who worked night and day—he wore himself to a sliver—weighed 16 ounces when he finished. He blew up on the final day—somebody opened the window.

The other tickets given you by the university admit you to some of the social functions—such as stags and mix-hers. Stags are so called because ya don't allow no dears around, consequently ya don't need so much doe. Moose of the bucks at our joint go some place Elks on these nites. Mix-hers are affairs which are just exactly the same as a stag—but they have one woman around—thus the boys must mix-her. Sometimes you see this woman at the mix-her—if yer lucky.



VIM WILL

"You look so cute I could eat you."
"Like hell! you could —you haven't any teeth!"

Sketches from Life – No. 1

By "HUCK" WELLS

The garbage man is a happy fellow even if his clothes are dirty. He isn't what one would call a sweet smelling individual but he is happy. The garbage man likes his work, you see, and that is why he is happy. You can see him every morning making the rounds up and down most any alley. There is always a song on his lips as he carefully lifts each can (garbage can, of course) and deftly tosses it up on the top of his wagon where a "stooge" empties it and tosses back the empty can to the garbage man. Don't think that everyone can be a garbage man because it takes a great deal of care and dexterity to toss a can full of "stuff" up to the top of a wagon that is already overloaded. Of course, there are some "dubs" in the profession. There are some garbage men who just don't give a damn and go about their work in a slovenly manner swearing profusely and punctuating each bit of profanity with a raucous belch. What we are concerned with is the good garbage man. The one who has worked his way up to the top from a street sweeper's job. Notice too, that the garbage man is quite a naturalist. He is very friendly with the winged creatures that hover about each can and he

talks with them at every stop to inquire about their respective families. I watched this happy fellow one day last summer and decided to meet him and discover for myself his philosophy and what kept him so cheerful. One morning I wandered out to the garbage cans and decided to wait for the garbage man. It wasn't very long before I saw him swing into our alley. Yes, there he was going about his work with a song bubbling out of his throat. I waited, and then as he approached, I threw a cheerful greeting his way in order to start a conversation.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello," came back the answer.

"How's business?" I inquired.

"Fine," was the reply.

I could see that I was going to have trouble starting a conversation with this fellow by using these tactics, so I decided to come out with it and make known my business.

"Tell me," I began "with such a smelly job to do, how do you keep in such a fine humor?"

"Smelly?" he asked, as a puzzled expression came over

(Continued on Page 21)

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 12-18—"The Texas Rangers"

Fred McMurray, Jack Oakie, Jean Parker and Lloyd Nolan all in this thrill-packed drama of the days of the "Texas Rangers"—a he man's picture for the whole family. Thrilling scenes, Indian battles, conflicts—all combined in this saga of the early southwest.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 19-25—"China Clipper"

With Pat O'Brien, Beverly Roberts and Ross Alexander in a glamorous romance of the air that marks a milestone in pictorial history with its neat aerial scenes.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 26 to OCT. 2—"Anthony Adverse"

Nothing much need be said about this picture by all means see it. It features Frederic March and Olivia De Havilland.

SATURDAY, OCT. 3—"The General Died at Dawn"

Gary Cooper and Madeline Carroll make a new romantic couple in Clifford Odets' thrilling adventure drama of today's turbulent war-ravaged China.

VIRGINIA

SEPT. 16-17-18—"We Went to College"

Cast: Charles Butterworth, Walter Abel, Hugh Herbert, and Una Merkel—a hilarious comedy of an old grad who returns to college and makes a name for himself all over again as a football hero.

SEPT. 19-25—"The Great Ziegfeld"

William Powell in the title role. We need say no more as it has been shown before and now appears at popular prices.

Coming attractions: "Road to Glory," "Swing Time," "To Marry, with Love."

ORPHEUM

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, SEPT. 17-18—"Border Patrol"

SATURDAY and SUNDAY, SEPT. 19-20—"Let's Sing Again"

With Bobby Breen, the eight year old protege of Eddie Cantor, supplemented by George Huston, Vivienne Osborn and Henry Armetta. Also Five Acts of RKO Vaudeville.

MONDAY and TUESDAY, SEPT. 21-22—"I Stand Condemned"

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IN VIEW of the fact that this is the first column of the year, it might be a very good idea to present a list of some of those records which have always proved popular and without which no collection is complete.

Among the recordings for which the Hal Kemp band is famous are the Kemp lucky piece, *Got a Date with an Angel* (7319), *A Heart of Stone* (6574), and *You've Got Me Crying Again* (6528). All are Brunswick records, and the inimitable Skinny Ennis does the vocals. One other Kemp pressing deserves special mention. This is the Kemp arrangement of Ravel's *Bolero* (6629), but it was privately released and may be out of print.

Ray Noble has long been known for the high quality of his Victor recordings. Those which he waxed in England are numerous and are considered to be among the best of all time. It may be stated here that Noble never had a permanent orchestra in England. He was an official of the British Broadcasting company and would assemble a large group for the recording each time he made an arrangement. Some of his best sides are *Tiger Rag* (24577), *The Very Thought of You* (24657), *Over My Shoulders* (24720), *The Blue Danube* (24806), *Love is the Sweetest Thing* (24333), and *It's Great to Be in Love* (25232).

The king of sweet, Guy Lombardo, and his Royal Canadians have been recording for so many years that the number of their records is limitless, having recorded for Columbia, Brunswick, Decca, and now

Victor. Two of interest are their Columbia recordings, each covering both sides, of a Big Ten College Medley (1996-D) and a Fraternity Medley (2357-D). Another is the 12-inch record of *The St. Louis Blues* coupled with a medley from *Roberta* (15000) which they made for Decca. The Lombardo band holds a unique place in the music world. They ushered in the sweet era many years ago and are still supreme in their field. Their recent engagement at the Palmer House Empire Room attests to their continued popularity.

In the field of swing Benny Goodman is king. "Swing" is merely a glorified name for that revived style of jazz played by a group of artists who improvise according to their individual interpretations. The Goodman aggregation's best waxings are *Dixieland Band* (25009), *Blue Skies* (25136), *King Porter* (25090), *Stompin' at the Savoy* (25247), *Basin Street Blues* (25258), and *Star Dust* (25320), all old tunes and all Victor recordings. Goodman is lucky in having the foremost swing drummer in the world, Gene Krupa, in his band and in having Fletcher Henderson do his best arrangements. Helen Ward on the vocals round out a great band.

For swing fanatics the Benny Goodman trio has made some noteworthy recordings. Composed of Goodman's clarinet, Gene Krupa's drums, and Teddy Wilson's piano, it has turned out such classics as *H'ho?* (25181) and *Body and Soul* (25115).

Everyone knows Jack Hylton's re-

By

BILL HENNING

markable Victor recording of *Handsome Gigolo* (36031). The English maestro scored a great hit with his playing of the song at the Junior Prom last year. In addition to this number Hylton has made other concert arrangements, such as *Body and Soul* (36027), *Goodnight, Sweetheart* (36048), *Paradise* (20111), and *Goodnight Vienna* (20113). The latter two were waxed for Brunswick.

Glen Gray's Casa Loma outfit made many outstanding recordings for Brunswick during its many years of association with that company. Some of those platters are: the theme song, *Smoke Rings* (6289), *Alexander's Ragtime Band* (6100), and *The Limehouse Blues* (6886). Since waxing under the Decca banner the Casa Loma boys have done such numbers as *Nagasaki* (800), *Chinatown*, *My Chinatown* (199), and *The Chant of the Jungle* (463).

It is due to the efforts of Paul Whiteman that popular music forsook the noisy and haphazard shambles that was ragtime and has become the highly arranged and melodious style of today. The king of jazz has long done most of the concert arrangements of contemporary music for Victor, most of them on 12-inch discs. Included in this group are medleys from many Broadway shows as, for example, *As Thousands Cheer* backed with *Let 'Em Eat Cake* (39003), *Show Boat* (35912), *Anything Goes* (36141), and *Jubilee* (36175). Many of the compositions of Ferde Grofe, Whiteman's first arranger, have been waxed.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE

(Continued from Page 18)

his face. "Why my good friend, these odors come as a direct result of the most expert culinary endeavors from the best kitchen in town."

I marveled at his philosophy. He spoke again.

"Of course it does get tiresome at times when you see the same "stuff in every can, but we have to take the bitter with the sweet."

I marveled again. He continued.

"I work in the open under an azure sky (I guess they have substitutes on rainy days) and the flies are my constant companions, always willing to listen to my troubles."

I was overcome with the power of this man's philosophy. He was truly a gem. In short order he emptied our cans and was ready to continue down the alley. After going a few steps passed me he turned around and spoke again.

"Lots of people think I have a terrible job. Think what I get for my work, and then don't feel sorry for me, but feel sorry for yourself. The pay? I get twelve dollars a week and all I can eat."



A pal of ours landed a soft job—he's in a bloomer factory now, pulling down about two thousand a year.

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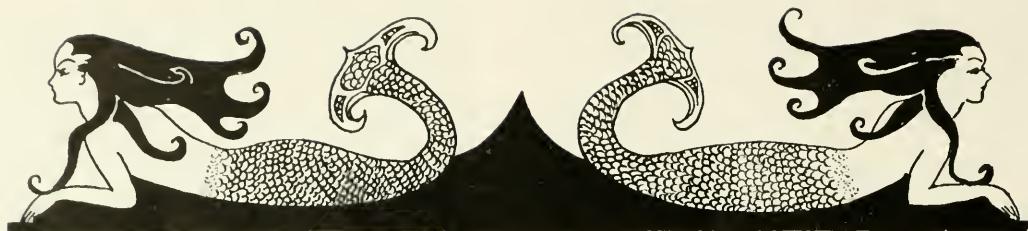
(Continued from Page 9)

evidence . . . which serves you right after the lousy crack I got in Column Wright last year. . . . Guess you better find out who writes this rambling job . . . but you do have to fill up space, even you know that, Bill, or curb some of those sarcastic remarks you seem to enjoy so much. . . . Hope WALLY MILES, INDEE, gets a hair cut once in a while . . . or gets a studio in Greenwich Village. . . . He might know he's tall, dark and handsome but it doesn't seem to get him places like Mil Ball . . . even when he is an officer. . . . Another Wally, WALLY WOLF, TEKE, should have some new jokes and experiences from that trip with GEORGE DEERING, PHI DELT and "HANK" VOLLE, ACACIA, to tell during rest periods in life classes. . . . Many things are changed around town . . . look around maybe you can find them. . . . First the DELTA GAMIS have a new house . . . a part of one . . . and a new Bus Company runs the busses . . . hope they can get through on Chalmers, "Homecoming." . . . The local merchants were considering putting a motion picture house on the campus where Park ballroom is located but I believe the plan fell through. . . . In July Clyde Beatty and his circus came to town and the LAMBDA CHIs attended . . . although it wasn't told to us we heard that JAY "CARRYINGTON" WELCH and LEONARD BEATTIE had a lot of fun seeing more tigers and lions than were really there. . . . HARRY GLOGOLY, FIJI prexy, is reported as playing caddy to that feminine golf star this past summer. We'd give our last dime to see HARRY carrying a gal's clubs and then we'd take off our shirt and hand that over to see the gal who made him do it. . . . What two decided Blondes, both masters of the ice, decided not to be blondes before entering the University as decided freshman from Urbana? . . . On a very hot July fourth at the country club in Paris . . . Paris, Illinois, to be exact . . . was "BUD" HAMMAN, the Illino "whoosis" dancing with HILAH HOFFMAN, Indiana prom queen. . . . It's a cinch "BUD" could never dance with any prom queen at this university. . . . None of them are good enough for him . . . anyone who dances with his eyes closed couldn't have seen us but we were there . . . like h . . . ! . . . Don't look now but "JOHNNIE" SUDES, "CHUCK" FREDERICKS' right hand man, is not a bachelor anymore. . . . Johnny of the Illinois Bar and HELEN MORRIS became one in June . . . at least legally. . . . FRANCES EWING '36 and WENDELL KEITH, CHI PSI, were also tied into a knot in the month of college weddings. . . . Who can tell us how much did the Chicago Milk Foundation pay "FRITZIE" DOUHITT, pride of the DELTA GAMIS, for holding that glass of milk and saying: "Young adults realize that it is very important to continue to drink milk all through life because it provides so many valuable elements that are needed daily to prolong youthful vitality." . . . Gosh! What a lot of hoey. . . . It doesn't sound much like FRITZIE nor the kinda stuff she always drinks. . . . Anyway, it isn't white. . . . I hear they give those girls beer lunches to increase their appetite . . . or is that the

only reason . . . what would they want to gain weight for? . . . Many comments say they are too voluptuous now . . . but all this seems to be getting away from the proper kind of gossip. . . . The two LAMBDA CHI stoges, PAUL DEAN and "CHUCK" HESLER, haunted Cooleys' in Evanston all summer. . . . You see pretty "PEG" RAYNOR '40 to be, was always there too. During the summer prom someone decided they needed more room in which to dance so they spilled acid on the dance floor. . . . That's good old Illini spirit . . . or should I say . . . Spirits of Peoria. . . . I missed that story about the prom anyway, thanks, pal. . . . When not busy in class at the Art Institute "PHIL" TROTTER, ALPHA SIG, had a swell time dating the beautiful? models . . . what a summer vacation. . . . I couldn't think of a better way to spend it! . . . And CHARLOTTE FOSTER, one of those blonde bombshells of the Art school enjoyed dancing under the stars at Vista Del Lago in "No Man's Land" with dark handsome men. . . . You can't tell me they grow them that way in that part of the country. . . . BOB JENSEN, THETA CHI, pumped gas in "No Man's Land" a little while. . . . I suppose to see how the half that didn't wear derbies lived . . . he sure made an atrocious gas station attendant, he wouldn't clean our windshield. . . . And at camp this summer no one else but the student colonel, PAUL NEIDHARDT, and a troop of cavalry got lost from camp and had to ask a farmer how to get back to Camp Custer. . . . Whoops! What an army we must turn out. . . . "RUFFY" SILVERSTEIN had much fun throwing the less hefty boys in the lake. . . . LILLIAN MOSS, KKG, and "SCOTTY" BRUBAKER, DELT, can be seen most any night letting the blood rush from their head to their feet at Robeson's Roof Garden. . . . GENE WHITE, ALPHA DELT, gave NANNY RILEY'S cousin from Philly quite the results. . . . BOB BAILEY, local INDEE, is still guzzling beer at Melody Tavern. . . . It's all right, Bob . . . if you can get away with it. Anyhow, when you have money you spend it. . . . That's more than I can say for a lot of people. . . . BOB BUCHAN, DEKE, and BUD JONES, PHI PSI, were down for a few days this summer giving the local girls a treat. . . . The same week-end ODD MEYER and "RED" JOHANSEN, CHI PSIs came down. . . . They seemed to find the town dead, guess they weren't out with the right people, so they drove over to Danville for their night life. "DOEY" CLARK, KKG, was down to Summer Prom with "BARK" CLANAHAN, ATO. . . . This seems to be the first romance that "Doe" has kept for any length of time. . . . TOM STREET, ATO, an old flame of "Doe's", seems to have been true to his PI PHI love this summer. PEGGY LYONS, another PI PHI, seems to be a "true blue girl" for she still has JOHNNY GRABLE'S PSI U pin. . . . JANE CHAMBERS, KAT, gave back NORM LEWIS'S PSI U pin. . . . Rumors are he asked for it back but then rumors aren't so nice. . . . An S. A. E. in town is BOB RUSSELL who was seen "joeing" around with Brother JOHNNY ANDERSON who was going up to Lake Geneva to fish and frolic. . . . BILL ARNOLD, PHID, is also seen in their gang. . . . He is one of those boys who believes that

girls shouldn't go above the third floor in fraternity houses. . . . Well, who does? . . . "DANNY HEINLEIN, DKE, was seen at 5 a. m. after the Summer Prom in his birthday suit. . . . Can't "CULLY" of KAPPA SIG fame do anything with him? . . . DICK FULMER, big shot man still phones MARY JAYNE ALEXANDER, KAT, who still hasn't returned JOHN LANGLEY'S BETA pin. . . . She seems to go for those eternal triangle affairs. . . . "GOON HENNIG and FRANK PORTER, CHI PSIs were down in Chambana waxing floors in the Lodge . . . as they say at Madison. . . . "Swish, there goes a Chi PSI" . . . Guess something in that club has to be slick now that they lost their social privileges. . . . BOB De WOLFE and JACK CLARK more smart? BETAS have condescended to haunt Sox's and other local dives when there is no one here to spy on them. . . . DON BISHOP, CLIFF KUHN, and TOM WILSON have all been working plenty hard all summer. . . . They are keeping in training too. . . . I wonder what for? . . . WES GRIFFIS, CHI PSI . . . is said to be in the wolds of Michigan with his high school love. . . . Haven't you heard him tell how she was the "smoothest" import at their spring formal . . . maybe so but she can't beat the Illinois co-eds that were present. . . . We wonder if there is any hope for people like "DEADLEGS" to ever grow up. . . . BILL MCKINSTRY, SIGMA NU broad-hips, is working at Sullivan's Chevrolet Company. . . . I don't think that will reduce them, dear. . . . MARY HELEN MOSS, better known as Lil's kid sister, gave her pin back to JACK HUNTER, DELTA SIG, don't know all the details yet. . . . GENE LIERMAN, yeh his Coalition party won, keeps his brother company at the Roof Garden. . . . Now boys! . . . DORIS KREVIS, that ALPHA OMICRON PI-ish piece of fluff spent part of her summer in the West Indies. She was on a special diet down there—it went something like this: breakfast—one Porto Rican doctor, seasoned just to perfection; luncheon—one dashing Spainard, tasty; supper—two German boys, small but filling. But in spite of all that glamor she claims she longed for her wolfish Wallie—prexy of the T. K. E. house. . . . BOB PARTLOW, KAPPA DELTA RHO—ex-president of Jr. class and present president of Illinois Union—worked for a firm in the Chicago loop all summer, and that's not all—he had so much ambition he even spent every evening doing some sort of research work—making the Blackhawk one of his favorite haunts. . . . EL SAYRE, ALPHA SIGMA PHI—captain of the Illini football team is our "local boy makes good" from Waukegan, Ill. He spent his summer as life guard on the Waukegan beach, and when he wasn't staring dreamily out over the hazy blue water thinking of his ALPHA CHI OMEGA—he was showing his mass of admirers how that pigskin is going to be toted this year—or something. . . . SYBILLA KESLER—flaming haired KAPPA DELT, believes in that old slogan, "See America First." She took a roundabout way through Canada and down the west coast on a steamer, but finally arrived at her destination—Hollywood. But she was "Just looking—thanks." . . . BILL BENNIS, ALPHA SIGMA PHI, has been working for a central Illinois construction gang digging

post holes. . . . CLIFF KUHN, PHI GAM, has been working for Smith Lumber Co. in Urbana—this fall he distributed U. of I. posters. . . . BARBARA BISCHOFF, pride of the Kappa house, spent the summer going to house parties. . . . NANCY RILEY, another Kappa, graduated in summer school . . . she spent the rest of the summer in Michigan. . . . WILBUR HENRY, loafed most of the summer . . . practicing football . . . went to Gillespie and was entertained beautifully by BILLY DALEY (Independent) . . . the current girl friend. . . . HOWIE CARSON went to summer school . . . practiced football . . . went up into the northern wilds. . . . JOHNNY GILL, well known Illini trackman, is working in a Chicago park teaching athletics to the younger generation. . . . BRUCE BENEDICT, DELTA UPSILON, transferred to U. of M. . . . LARRY KERNS, THETA KAPPA PHI, Peacemaker politician and ex-chairman of Sophomore Cotillion, spent the summer studying up on arts and angles of politics . . . while a frat brother of his, SCOTTY ALLARA, worked as steward on a round the world liner. Scotty got as far as China . . . he'll probably want to sit cross legged on the floor whenever rice is served him, just to show he knows his way around. . . . STEWART POTTER, DELTA UPSILON and EDITH ROPIEQUET, ALPHA DELTA PI, created a mild sensation at the beginning of the summer. . . . They were married June 3rd. . . . BETTY BOYS, ALPHYGAM, had a busy summer what with trotting up to Chicago and having her "him" down in shelbyville. . . . Speaking of Shelbyville reminds us of the BAKER SISTERS . . . a couple of A. O. PI's—so what. . . . Wonder if VIRGINIA FAIRFIELD, summer prom queen candidate, knew what happened to the large picture of herself which graced a campus coke 'n' coke window? She might have asked one MR. WELLINGTON. . . . Understand that "SHORTY" FISHER changed her name to JUNE FISHER and went to town singing with Lang Thompson's orchestra this summer. . . . It wasn't told to us, we only heard that JIM LAKE '34, and SUE TOWNSEND were married in LaGrange on August 29. . . . Those arty art students from down South campus-way had great fun on their all-night swimming parties this summer, arriving back just in time for five a. m. classes. . . . And before we leave, a few notes from Camp Custer: EARL DeWOLF, whose ability to find nice girls (so he says) in a two-bit dance hall was quite amazing . . . perhaps it was the old bald-pate that did the trick. . . . And why did HOWIE STOTLER, that sedate editor, reply "I guess I'm just not cut out for the life of a soldier"—we think not too. . . . What would BARB BISCHOFF say if she knew what "Six-a-day" CHUCK PATDEN, her one-and-only, did all summer at Battle Creek? . . . BOB UPP and his married babe at Jackson. . . . And to the champ guzzler at camp we give a Beer Mug—no nother than old man WALKER of SIG CHI. . . . So it's hot, and we're tired, and you oughta be. . . . See you "HOMECOMING."

UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS**SIREN**

FOUNDED 1912

VOLUME XXVII
NUMBER 1JAMES A. WILL
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Lawrence Wells.....*Associate Editor*
 Mel Goldman.....Stan Goodman
Associate Editorial Board
 Betty Isenbarger.....*Art Editor*

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HARRY MODELL
Business Manager

Caroline Reineberg.....*Advertising Manager*
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Mary Jane Alexander, Dorothy Deutman, Henry Dust, Helen
 Kubn, William MacDiarmid, and Ludwig Skog, Jr.

OFFICE

Third Floor.....Student Center
 Hours.....4:00-5:00 Daily

Out of the Waste Basket

First of all, never having been an editor before (and probably never again) we don't pretend to know anything . . . except that all editors write editorials. So, here goes.

As you noticed (how could you miss it?) when you bought your copy . . . or borrowed it from the person who did buy one . . . we have a new cover design. No, it wasn't done by an unemployed P. W. A. artist . . . nor are the circles any of those Hi-Li balls coming at you.

As to stories, we found "Huck" Wells' sketches from life (as he calls 'em)—The one about the garbage man . . . just good clean fun . . . And Bill Livesay dishes out some

swell advice in "Gettin' In" . . . For articles, we give you Bob Wilt on sports, mostly football . . . Mary Rosenberg for men's fashions . . . Music and recordings, Bill Hennig . . . Mel Goldman and Stan Goodman did their part too; you'll hear more from them later on . . . For art work and cartoons we give you Betty Isenbarger and John Carr.

As to a policy . . . we promise to print no co-ed diaries . . . no Knock! Knock! jokes . . . no Hi-Li contests . . . No cracks about Main Rezzy or Lindenwood . . . and last but not least; *No Dirty Jokes. Hell!*

That should please the board . . . or bored?

But before we leave we want to remind all you freshies not to forget to buy your year's subscription to the SIREN . . . Because if you buy a hospital membership you'll need something to read . . . and if you take your own SIREN along you'll not be lonesome . . . And she'll easily fit under the bed.

Until Homecoming then—when (if we are still here) we shall have for you, *dear reader*, a SIREN Queen, more scandal, another Campus View, some new jokes, cartoons and stuff! . . .

Yours, JIM WILL.



Zeke says:

Ef I could read, I'd read The Daily Illini, that
College Daily of your'n.

Times a wastin'—Jes call 4181—or hustle your-
self down to the Union Basement and order YER
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Many smokers have chosen Lucky Strikes simply because they *taste better*. Then as the days go by they sense that Luckies make *smoother going* for their throats—that they are a Light Smoke. Certain acids and other heavy, harsh irritants naturally present in all tobacco are removed by the famous process—"It's Toasted." Only Luckies are "Toasted." Smoke Luckies to your throat's content.



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Luckies—a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

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Siren



Twenty
Cents

NOVEMBER — 1936

PRIZE-WINNER

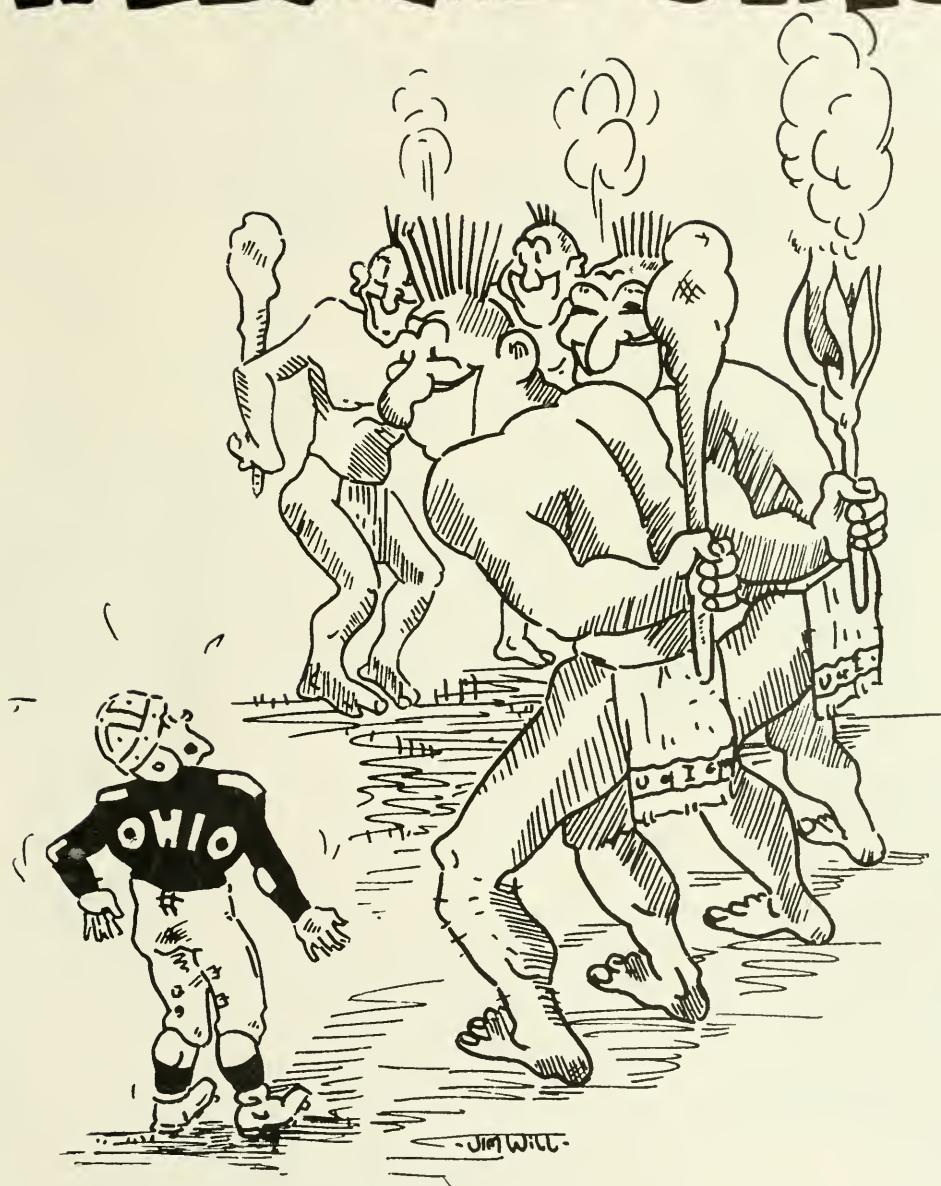
Girl . . Dog . . Cigarette—Lucky Strike, of course. For "It's Toasted," a process which is private and exclusive with Lucky Strike Cigarettes, allows delicate throats the full, abiding enjoyment of rich, ripe-bodied tobacco. "Toasting" removes certain harsh irritants present in even the finest tobaccos in their natural state. "Toasting" is *your* throat protection against irritation—against cough. So, for your throat's sake, smoke Luckies.



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Luckies—a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — “IT'S TOASTED”

WELCOME OHIO



"WELL, GUESS WHO'S HERE GANG?"



 UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

SIREN

• DAD'S DAY KICKOFF •

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JIM WILL
Editor



Published 6 months, September, November, December, February, April, May, during the school year by the Illini Publishing Co., University Station, Urbana, Illinois. Address all communications to The Siren, University Station, Urbana, Illinois. Transmissions by the copy. Entered as second class matter at the Post office at Urbana, Illinois by act of Congress March 3, 1879. Exclusive reprint rights on all material under five hundred words granted recognized college humor magazines.

HARRY MODELL
Business Manager



 NOVEMBER, 1936



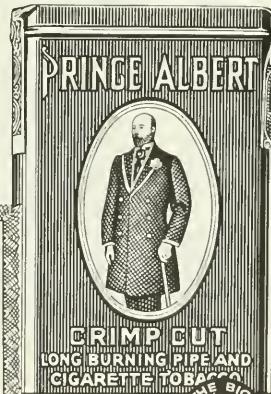


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JUNE LEVINE
Phi Sigma Sigma



LILLIAN MOSS
Kappa Kappa Gamma



ANNE MEFFLEY
Zeta Tau Alpha



JERRY DANAHER
Phi Omega Pi



ANN SCHAEFER
Alpha Delta Pi

presenting

The Siren Queens of 1936

Knock, knock!

Who's there?
Wetherby!
Wetherby who?

Wetherby hanged, Lady! "Weather" gets the ha-ha from Double-Mellow Old Gold's *double*-Cellophane package. Rain or shine! Hot or cold! Any climate! Anywhere! Any time! . . . you'll find Double-Mellow Old Golds are always factory-fresh. Thanks to those 2 jackets of the finest moisture-proof Cellophane on every package. And don't forget O.G.s. are blended from the choicest of the *prize crop* tobaccos!

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!



Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
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PRIZE CROP TOBACCO MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

. THINGS



WE THOUGHT we would be back with you HOME-COMING but couldn't quite make it — anyway here it is Dad's Day and if you made this column last time it's safe to show "the old man" this issue—again we are off . . . First what ALPHA GAM is so crazy about a certain THETA XI who plays football that she has the walls of her room filled with his pictures? . . . Nice going JOHNSON! I wonder if she knows how you carry on at home!!! in Maywood, I mean . . . and what CHI O took a pin the week-end of the Southern Cal game? So freshmen are taking alums' pins now? . . . and do you know that JEAN SCHULTE, REZZY HALL, burns up when someone calls her "SENATOR SCHULTZ" . . . and what cute sophomore, same place, initials J. W., loves to be carried over someone's shoulder a-la-sack of meal—wouldn't you like to know? So would we, like h..... That TRI DELT pledge, LUCILLE LYONS by name, had quite an experience some time ago with a fictitious chap named BOB SHERMAN of Tinkerville—it was really BOB WHALEN, SIG NU, who wanted to know about the big city and Lucille must have learned a few things, too, because MARTY CASE, THETA, enters the picture to emerge with BOB's pin . . . or is that his pin? . . . anyway there's at least one person on this campus who doesn't know how famous "WIB" HENRY really is—the THETA XI's cook—He couldn't even get an extra roll before dinner at the tribe meeting . . . has anyone seen "HANK" MORTON without his "I" sweater? . . . and is JIM DOWLING, Pi K. A., taking classes in Hanley's or does he just love the place—or the waitresses? . . . for two super-salesmen we give you NICCUM and RY-BICKI of LAMBDA CHI—they must be good, they sold 50 Siren subscriptions . . . Boy! I mean that's darn good—and it's a good bargain . . . "Who was that with "HANK" MORTON? . . . "Oh, just his 'I' sweater" . . . and now that CAMERON BROWN, PSI-U, is the senate president we wonder if it wouldn't be better if he didn't go to St. Mary's on Friday nights—Can't you find any nice co-eds, CAM? . . . as STIEGAL of TRI-DELT fame is "OK" we won't say anything naughty about her . . . not yet . . . there's one thing we could do without . . . "HANK" MORTON minus that damn "I" sweater . . . JAY "DUNK" DUNCANSON still gets around even if HOWIE FLETCHER has left campus to work . . . it seems that STAN ARTHUR, senior cheerleader, and JEAN WHLSON are still resting between classes at the Arch. Bldg. in Jean's Chevicut . . . Gosh! It must be

'N STUFF . . .

awful crowded sometimes, eh Stan? . . . and by the way—how the h..... do you take a bath MORTON or does that "I" sweater really come off? How long is that CLARK, THETA XI, and SHUTE, A. O. Pi, romance going to last? Rumors have it that a certain THETA has caught his eye. Wonder what the outcome will be? Could you drop us a hint, Jan? . . . It seems that JIMMY KNOWLES, heartbreaker from the THETA XI house, hung his pin on a NORTHWESTERN PI PHI the week-end of the Southern Cal game. What will KAY FRANK, KAPPA, do now? Remember, KAY, when the pin's away, the boys will play! Isn't that right, JIMMY? FLORINE PETRIE, A. O. Pi, and ex-Jr. Prom Queen—is working for half of her master's degree at U. of Wis. and half of it at Illinois. Her Thesis should be on "How to Hold My PHI GAM—or something."—That handsome CAROL LAYMAN from Ha'vard is really "almost" as good as he thinks he is. Just lately he hired WALT DRAPER as his bodyguard to knock away the mob of admirers—for once in his life WALT has women trouble—The Theta Chi's hate to admit it but when a pledge beats their time that's bad. They thought they "had somethin' there" when they got JACK HAINES—Oklahoma oil millionaire's son (sounds good, anyway), but they didn't know SONNY HAINES knew such people as the Blonde Singer in Anson Weeks' orchestra that called him up and begged for a date . . . Last year's B. W. O. C., JULIE LAKE, CHI OMEGA, was back for the S. Cal game, seen mostly with GEORGE VITOUX of LAMBDA CHI . . . That house on the corner of Wright and Daniel pulled another K. A. T. trick—with typical innocence and typical dumbness. A beautifully gaudy bouquet of artificial flowers, which they all hate is sitting right inside their door, for none to miss. One night, BETTY BYERS suddenly felt a great urge to see if that old proverb "more blessed are those that give than those that take" is true. So as various SIG's and CHI PSI's and things and stuff bid their final good nites, a posy was thrust in their hands. But BETTY isn't going to always believe everything she hears now 'cause it seems it didn't work and the next day there was a mad scramble to try to round up the once beautiful but now bedraggled bouquet—orders from headquarters.—Speaking of THETAS brings JEAN HOEBEL to light—exactly what are behind these "coy" glances she and BOB RIEGEL exchange—but why bring that up? . . . Never let it be said "TILLIE" SIMPSON has to be hit over the head to get an idea—all right, if gentlemen prefer blondes, blond it is—'cause TILLIE cer-

(Continued on Page 42)



BETWEEN THE HALVES

REVENGE

Murphy: "What's that in your pocket?"

Pat (in whisper): "Dynamite. I'm waiting for Casey. Every time he meets me he slaps me on the chest and breaks me pipe. Next time he does it he'll blow his damned hand off." —*Whirlwind.*

—S—

We point with pride to the purity of the white spaces between our jokes.

—*Lyre.*

—S—

Boss: I had to fire my new stenographer.

Clerk: Didn't she have any experience?

Boss: None at all. I told her to sit down and she looked around for a chair. —*Maroon Bee.*

—S—

He: Do you sleep with your windows up or down?

She: I don't sleep with my windows at all. —*Exchange.*

Open letter to the Ladies:

WE ANNOUNCE a new service in addition to cleaning and blocking of all knitted wear a

DYEING SERVICE

When you tire of the color of your knitted suit, jacket, blouse or sweater let the

WHITE LINE

Dye it—you'll be delighted with this new service.

WHITE LINE CLEANERS

Phone 4206



"Didja she me come in that door?"

"Yes."

"Never shaw me before in your life, didja?"

"Nope."

"Nobody tolshed youmy name, diday?"

"None."

"Then howdja know it was me?"

Widow.

—S—

Bullington: There hasn't been much stirring around the house lately.

"Dunk": How's that?

Bullington: Somebody stole the spoons.

—S—

Student (to roommate coming in late): Did you have a flat tire?

Roomie: Hell, no, that's why I'm late! —*Colgate Banter.*

HECK!

She: No.

He: Why not?

She: Oh-h, no—

He: It wouldn't matter just one—

She: You'd want more—

He: Gee, I wish you'd let me—

She: No—no! Stop teasing.

He: But I want it—

She: No—please don't ask—

He: Hey Maw—Sis won't let me have a cookie—

—*Olds.*

—S—

"Is this candy pure?"

"As pure as the girl of your dreams, sir."

"Gimme a pack of gum."

—S—

Did you know I bought a set of balloon tires the other day?

Hell, I didn't even know you owned a balloon. —*Swiped.*

—S—

She: "Do you know what good clean fun is?"

He: "I'll bite. What good is it."

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

Welcome Dads IN CHAMPAIGN

INMAN HOTEL CAFE

Cor. University Ave. and
Walnut St.

Your Dad

will want to visit the most popular Illinois meeting and eating place.

Be sure your family and friends also visit

Hanley's

"Where Friends Meet"

A Letter to Paw

By BILL LIVESAY

deer paw:

i am now inrolled in the unavuristy uv illinois. first uv all, i'd like to tell ya how esey it wuz fer me to git in. i jest tol em when they ast me fer my hi skool you-nits, that i wuz uv arkansaw and that there weren't eny hi-skools down thet-away. I cud see rite away they they bud sized me up fer a smart feller. in fact the deen sez that i was the smartest farmer hay seed aroun in a long time, he sed he'd lemme in skool ef i'd warsh ma feet. funny thing paw, all the boys and gals here ware shews. i ain't bot eny yet, but now that cold wether is settin in, i think mebbe ya better send me up that ole pare o rubber boots we stole from the koon's barn the winter aunt bessie drowned in the sesspool. i doant mind the cold pa, even tho my feet do pick up medal objects when its froze outside. whult gits me is that surority gurls jest can't bare feet, also its dern hard to keep ma feet clean—this town is so durty.

as i wroate ya, pa, i am in a fruturnty. i doant no its name—its sorta a funny soundin wurd—don't make no difference, jus remember ya can alus fine me here—sept wen i ain't out ta football practus, y'see paw, they play a game here where a bunch uv fellers run a ball thru sum other fellers, the guys who run the farthest wins, but the fellers with the ball are kep frum runnin by the boys known as defence team. They are there for the same perpus as defence at home—to keep the beeves frum runnin wild.

the ball is a crood affare—it is shape like our ole hens eggs was before the depreshun come, our team has bin playin other teams weak after weak, this fall. "that weaker tha better" sez our coach, the ball is called a pigskin, but don't look it, enyhow, coach mus be rite cause ever day he tells us to go out on the

feel an bring home the bacon, the game is played not with braunes but with luches. one minit we are standin up—on the next we are sprawled out on our luches.

paw, you shud see us play, you mite be glad to no that we are havin a weak-end here called dad's day wen all uv the boys paws cum to the skool to meat, mebbe you cud cum paw, you wud injoy yerself, ef ya do cum paw, ya better ware them blue overalls with the cote, ya see by nite us boys eat whut is called dres dinner—an we all ware cotes, ya can see its a gud thing ma had forsite enuf to open up grandpappy's cofin before we berried him and take off his berrial soot. i find it rite handy even tho it still stinks kinda uv formaldehyde.

in closing, paw, ef ya do cum, willya bring me ole gel, matildy? bring er, if her ole man ain't maid er merry the koon kid. i'm sick o these surority wimmin—they doant hev the hi ideels uv the omuntain gels—an a lot more, too, besides, wen i dance with em, they are alus gettin their feet in toe jam with mine.

truly frum yer son,
orvil.

P. S. You notus i cum rite now? i lernt to rite in retorik which is one uv my skool classes, the teacher sez all my work is orijinal.

P. S. Paw, i just remmember you can't reed—but, you can use this paper out back when the catalog runs out.

She (enthusiastically): Oh, if you boys make another touch-down I just know I'll stand on my hands."

He's (in unison): "We wanna touchdown."

—Rammer-Jammer.

THE LAST)) ROUND-UP!



ONE WHIFF of maverick tobacco from that gurgling old pipe made the steers cry "Uncle!" Personally, we don't hold with strong pipes and bitter blends. We feel that a briar is improved by a daily grooming and a diet of milder, pleasanter tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. First, of course, because we make it; but also because this great blend of well-aged Kentucky Burleys is cooler to smoke and delightfully fragrant. Try a tin. You may not round up as many cattle, but you'll pull in a big gang of admiring friends.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-611.



When Rome Was Young

By Stan Goodman and Mel Goldman

Time—As much as you can spare.
Place—\$3.20—Show paid \$2.72.
Obscene 1—Wine stand outside of Colosseum.

1st Citizen—What ho, Fabius! I have not seen thee since we were both given the gate for running our chariots into the dean's office without a driver's permit.

2nd Citizen—Salute, Marcus! The gods have done well to bring us together for this melon cutting!

1st Ditto—Think you that your Tiber Terrors stand a chance against our gladiators?

2nd Ditto—Verily, friend, our Charthage Collegians are not set-ups. Did they not cop the cup in the Forum Finals?

1st Ditto—Ho, braggart, let us back up our babbling beaks with a bet!

Soothsayer—Beware of the Ides of March!

2nd Ditto—'Tis done. I'll wager my country villa against that penthouse of yours.

1st Ditto—It is done.

2nd Ditto—It is done.

1st Ditto—It is done.

Obscene 1—I am done.

Obscene 2—in the press coop.

Announcer—This is Theodoro Husingonius shooting the bull at you with the blessings of the Catolonian Couch Co., the leading producers of Roman neckwear. Sofa, so good!

Today marks the twelve hundredth annual Homecoming game between those treacherously tackling Tiber Terrors and the cruel, courageous, Carthage Collegians. The air is clear except for a few occasional clouds of smoke rising from the smouldering ruins of Vesuvius, the site of the pep meeting and bon fire last night.

The crowd has worked itself up into a fevered pitch; most of the spectators are now drunk with excitement, although, your announcer thinks that the bumper grape crop is also somewhat responsible.

Oh, Oh, here she come, folks!—It's that cuddlesome, kissable, carressable Cleopatra, Homecoming Queen of the Colosseum! She won this year's popularity race uncontested because the other seventeen babes were killed by falling arches—Aqueduct arches. Umm, does she slay 'em!

While the teams are being riveted into their armor, the band led by Nero Lombardionius is playing "Take me out to the ball game." Critics agree that this should be the number one song hit this week.

A new ruling is being put into effect for today's game, folks. Both teams have agreed to leave their javelins on the bench in order to avoid the possibility of puncturing the football. Get the point?

Anyway, the teams are lumbering into line for the kick-off. Julius "Nagurski" Caesar is starring at left half back for the Terrors and he will be the boy to stop. However, the Collegians have a mountain of strength in Gomer Horatio at center—no one has gone through him in his hundred and seven years of big time competition. He should have graduated eighty-three years ago but he is still having trouble with advanced pig-latin. Oh, well!

Beware the Ides of March, kiddies.

Obscene 3—Stadium crowd; third quarter—score: 0-0.

1st Citizen—Gadzooks, are there eight teams on the field or isn't this stuff milk of magnesia?

2nd Citizen—Curses! Me thinks I shall advise the PWA to install rest rooms for the pigeons.

57,643rd Ditto—Down in front!!

4,627th Ditto—Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look!

4,628th Ditto—Why not? Didn't he lose his toga in the reunion crap game over at the baths only yesterday?

Soothsayer—Beware the Ides of March!

82nd Citizeness—Why my dear, I heard that that hussy Cleopatra—(censored)—.

83rd Citizeness—How Shocking! And moreover she was coming out of—(censored)—. What's that? Oh—the game? Why yes—who did you say was playing? (moral—woman has been essentially the same through the ages).

973rd Ditto—From whence comes yon runner bearing the torch?

974th Ditto—Ho Ho! The joke is on him. The Olympics were last month!

Soothsayer—Beware the Ides of March!

Obscene 4—Thirty seconds to play—ball on Carthage two yard line—score still 0-0.

(In Tiber Huddle)

Antony—Friends, Romans, and teammates, lend me a mallet with which to unbend mine breeches. For I have dented them upon the goal posts during the last foray. (Hip! Hip! Foray! Foray!)

Caesar—Would that Brutus were not backing up the Carthage line. But let me plunge through center.

Soothsayer—Beware the Ides of March!

(Teams line up)

Caesar—Here Horaio—hold my bridgework.

Carthage Collegians—Grrrrrr!

Tiber Terrors—Viva Il Duce!

All Citizens—Hold that Tiber! mmmph—Hold that Tiber! mmph—Hold that Tiber! etc., etc.

(Continued on Page 36)

Chesterfield Girls



Know the answer? So do I
These Chesterfields—

They Satisfy



Here Comes the Team Fellows, Let's Give 'Em a Big Hand

America's Most
MODERN
UNIVERSITY
STORE

We invite you to step in and have a friendly look through our store and get to know the NEW

SCHUMACHER & KAUFMAN

619 East Green Street
On the Campus

(Continued from Page 34)

(The ball is snapped. Caesar thinks he sees a hole in the center of the line. He plows into the middle but is walloped by five tacklers. He falls six inches short of the goal line as the trumpet blows ending the game).

Horatio—Nice tackle, Brutus old boy.

Caesar—Et Tu Brute!

Collegians—Hooray!

1st Citizen—Hooray!

Soothsayer — Bewa — Hooray! (fooled you that time).

2nd Citizen—Hooray!

All Citizens—Hooray!

THE END

Reader—Hooray!

Your Shop

605 East Green

A Shop for Girls

Sweaters

Skirts

Hosiery

Lingerie

and accessories

"Exclusive but not expensive"

INTERVIEW WITH AN OLD GRAD

'39—"Say, Mr. Muchdiddle, were you in the class of '18?"

'18—"Yes, my boy, how did you know?"

'39—"Is that your picture on the wall?"

'18—"Yes, my boy. But I've changed a lot since that was taken."

'39—"Did you play football that year?"

'18—"Yes, my boy." (Feeling pleased).

'39—"And basketball?"

'18—"Yes, my boy." (Throwing out his chest).

'39—"And baseball?"

'18—"Yes, my boy." (Looking around for an audience to hear of his accomplishments).

'39—"And did you run the dashes on the track team that year?"

'18—"Yes, my boy." (Beaming complacently to know that his efforts of 1918 were still remembered).

'39—"Hey, Bill, I win that four bit bet. This fat old geezer is the same one!" —Sapiro.

—S—

Say it with flowers,
Say it with sweets,
Say it with kisses,
Say it with eats,
Say it with jewelry,
Say it with drink,
But never, no never
Say it with ink.

—S—

"What's that I smell?" inquired the lady from the city as she sniffed the country air.

"That's fertilizer," answered the farmer.

"For the land's sake!"

"Yes, ma'am."

—S—

Detectives were questioning a negro charged with stealing a typewriter. Not getting anywhere, one of the officers brought in the machine.

"Lawzee, man," the negro exclaimed. "You calls that a typewriter? Ah thought it was a cash register I was stealin'."



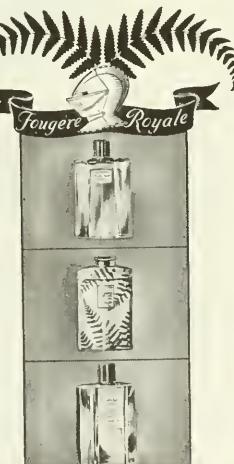
FLOWERS are all very well in their place

—but that place isn't on a man's face! Coquettishly perfumed shaving preparations are *out!* Fougere Royale shaving soap is *in!* Nothing boudoir or raffish about it—its Royal Fern fragrance is fresh, clean and all *man*. You'll find the handsome wooden Fougere Royale shaving bowl a joy to handle—and an economy to use . . . for it offers months of miraculous shaves for \$1.00.

Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion . . . a dash of refreshment for razor-roughened skins. Slightly astringent to soothe little nicks; Royal Fern fragrance to delight your senses. 85c.

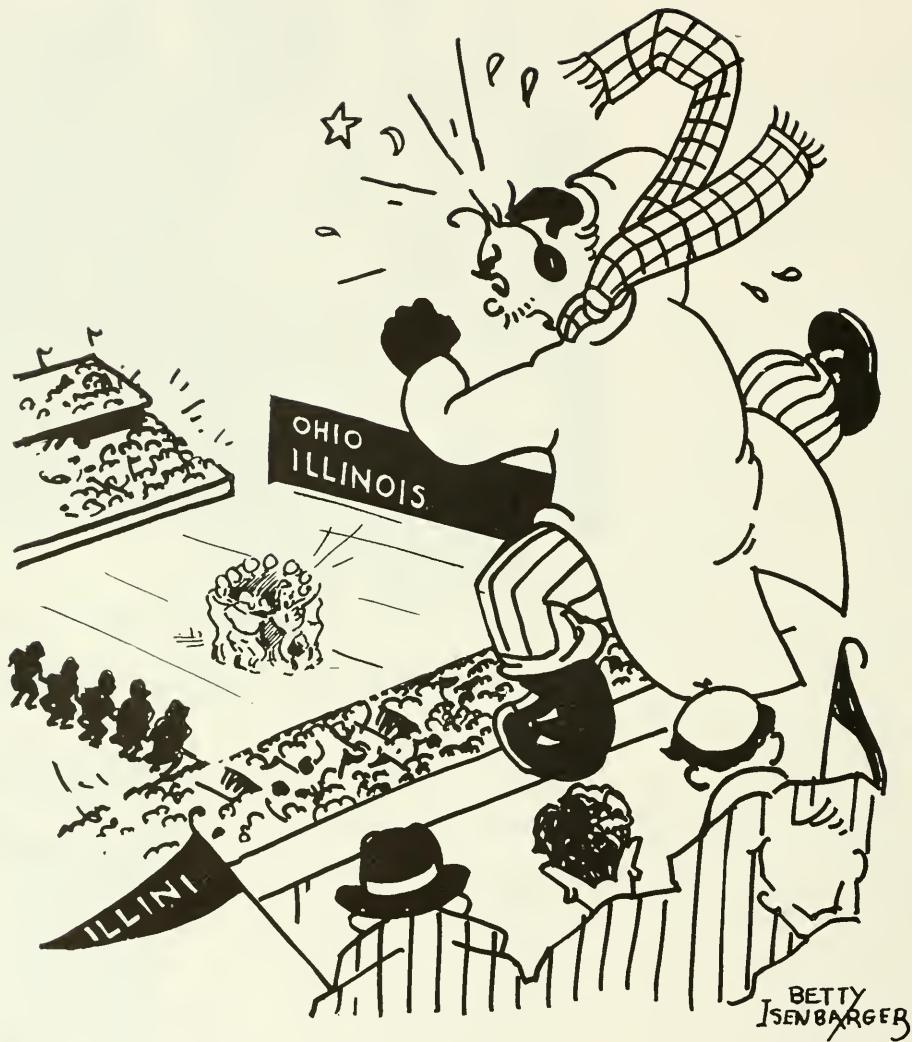
Fougere Royale Talc . . . supremely fine in quality, correctly toned for men's skin. There's nothing coquettish about its odeur. 55c.

Fougere Royale Hair Lotion . . . for a well-groomed head, with every hair in place. It adds lustre without oiliness, stimulates the scalp, corrects dryness, and doesn't shrivel to high heaven. 85c.



FOUGERE ROYALE

by HOUBIGANT for men



"But Pop, We Can't Use 'The Flying Wedge' "

WHO WAS THAT MAN I SEEN YOU WITH?

By HUCK WELLS

I was feeling pretty lousy that night. It was Dad's day and the governor (that's what I laughingly call the old gent) wasn't going to be with me, at least that's what the telegram said he sent to me that afternoon. Of course I might have taken that bad news cheerfully had it not been for the fact that my gal couldn't go to the football game with me that Saturday because she was entertaining some dame from out of town. It was all pretty bitter medicine that I had to take but I thought I might just as well bear my cross in silence. Well, I decided that as long as the world was giving me such a terrific beating, I might just as well go out and "hang one on." In the vernacular of the layman, I would get soused! I did. I woke up that memorable Saturday with an awful head on my shoulders. So this was the price I had to pay for my sins, I thought? My mouth tasted like the bone yard looks on one of its off days. My eyes refused to focus and my stomach felt hot as a Bessemer furnace going full blast. To get right down to good old plain talk I felt like the very devil (only I don't remember being bothered with horns at that time). I decided to go out and get some lunch before going to the game because my stomach was kicking up a heluva rumpus. When I finally dragged my weary body into the restaurant I felt that about all I could stand was a sandwich. I looked over the menu and very

bravely ordered a bean sandwich. Yes, a bean sandwich is what I said. A bean sandwich, in case you haven't heard is a lot of beans between two slices of bread. What else did I have? Well, after I threw up, I got some coffee and called it a meal. By this time I was fit to be tied. I made my way to the stadium and settled down to suffer for my sins of the evening before. I managed to stick it out the first half but I don't know how. I began to get very dizzy and thought I had better go home. Now mind you, I am a peace loving soul and on that day, of all days, I was more in favor of peace and quiet than ever before. I was just about to take my leave of the stadium when I saw something that made me start. Did I stop? I don't remember what I did at that time and anyway it doesn't matter. Let me tell you what I saw. There was my gal sitting in the stadium. I grant you that there is no law against it, but she was supposed to be entertaining a dame and there she was sitting just as big as life with some older man. You can imagine what I felt like. It made me feel not a little like a run down heel and a chump too. So I got the gate for this guy? Well, I could take it, so I decided to leave and forget the whole thing. Anyway my eyes weren't focusing very good and maybe that was a girl sitting next to her. I might have left quietly had it not been for the fact that just as I was about to leave I saw this mug plant a nice juicy kiss on my gal's

(Continued on Page 40)



GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT
BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

For that uncertain feeling—

Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?
If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm with
BEECH-NUT GUM



BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM
...is so popular the most popular flavor
of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM ...
candy coating protects a pleasing
flavor... and, as you probably
know, pepsin aids digestion after
a hearty meal.



BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT
especially for those who like a distinctive
taste. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

BEECHIES... another really
fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in
candy coating. Like Gum and
Candy in one.

ORALGENE—Its former
texture gives much needed
mouth exercise... it is
dehydrated... it has a
helpful neutralizing mouth acidity.
Each piece individually wrapped.

DISC 'N DATA

By BILL HENNING

VICTOR—

Bix Beiderbeck's Memorial Album

Swing music being what it is at the moment, Victor has seen fit to bring out a series of six records that seem destined for perennial popularity in the jazz field. These were grooved in the period from November, 1927, to September, 1930, and contain some of the finest artists ever to play jazz. Leon "Bix" Beiderbecke, to whom the album is dedicated, died in 1931, but he is considered the "greatest hot cornet player and the most inspired jazz musician of his time." In addition to Bix, Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Gene Krupa, Frank Trumbauer, Eddie Lang, and Joe Venuti are featured. These numbers have been issued before, but a different master record has been used wherever possible. *Changes, Louisiana, You Took Advantage of Me, Sugar, Mississippi Mud, Sam, Lonely Melody, When and From Monday On* are played under Paul Whiteman's name, while *Bessie Couldn't Help It* and *Barnacle Bill* are by Hoagy Carmichael's orchestra, and *Deep Down South* by Bix's gang.

* * *

Brunswick:

- 7745 *I've Got You Under My Skin*
Easy to Love — Hal Kemp's Orchestra
- 7730 *B'Wanga*
Pursuin' the Blues — Hal Kemp's Orchestra
Victor
- 25403 *Tiger Rag*
Bluin' the Blues — Original Dixieland Jazz band
- 25408 *It Would Be Wonderful*
Your Eyes — Jack Hylton's Orchestra
- 25429 *To Mary, With Love*
I've Got Something in My Eye —
Eddy Duchin's Orchestra



(Continued from Page 39)

cheek. Even then, I might have laughed it off if it hadn't been for the fact that he put his arm around her in a rather suggestive manner. Well, I hitched up my baggy trousers and decided that I'd go down and plant one on this guy's chin. Who did he think he was? Some smart gent who thought that he was cute, I guess. Well, I ambled down slowly and tried to be inconspicuous so that I wouldn't attract too much attention. I'd show this guy a thing or five. I slid up behind him and in a split second I had him on his feet and planted the neatest right cross on his jaw that you ever saw. The mug toppled over in a heap and just then my gal jumps up and says, "Do you know who that is?" "Yes, I am afraid I just found out," I said. I looked down and tried to smile as I said, "Hi, dad, when did you get in town?"



VIRGINIA

November 14, 15, 16, and 17 — "Libeled Lady"

A story of cross temperament, has Myrna Loy as the "Libeled Lady," Spencer Tracy as the desperate managing editor and Jean Harlow as his fiancee—whose convenient marriage to William Powell brings about unprecedented complications. A good show, especially with such a cast.

November 18, 19, and 20 — "Craig's Wife"

The Pulitzer Prize Play with Rosalind Russell, John Boles and Billie Burke. A story of a very jealous wife who runs her husband too well and in the end loses him because of her own love.

November 21, 22, 23, and 24 — "Ladies in Love"

Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon take the parts of four beautiful young women who are out to get their man. The ways in which each one goes about being in love is highly amusing. With Don Ameche and Paul Lukas supplying the masculine element, the picture is complete entertainment.

Coming: "The Last of the Mochicans" with Randolph, Scott and Heather Angel.

OPPHEUM

November 14, and 15

Five aces of R. K. O. Vaudeville direct from Chicago's Loop. On the screen "Alibi for Murder" with William Gargan and Marquette Churchill.

November 16, and 17 — "The Man who Lived Twice" with Ralph Bellamy and Isabell Jewell.

Coming: "Meet Nero Wolfe" with Edward Arnold and the latest Wheeler and Woosley comedy, "Mummies' Boys."

RIALTO

November 14, 15, 16, and 17.

Clark Gable and Marian Davies are co-starred in "Cain and Mable," the Rialto's attraction for Dad's Day weekend. Here is a picture filled with pretty girls, popular songs, dancing and much comedy.

The picture is based on a story by H. C. Witwer. It depicts a romance between a Broadway waitress who becomes a musical comedy star almost overnight and an heroic young battler of the prize ring.

Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs "I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs," "Coney Island" and "Here Comes Chiquita."

COMING:

"Go West Young Man," Mae West's new picture, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Haviland, "Three Men on a Horse," featuring Joan Blondell and Frank McHugh and "Champagne Waltz" with Gladys Swarthout and Fred McMurray.

LET'S DANCE

At College Inn:

Located at Fourth and Green, College Inn has reopened this season with Dick Shelton's band. When we Seniors were Freshman, College Hall, as it was called then, catered to the exclusive college crowd. And now as before it offers a very distinctive college atmosphere. Dancing every Friday and Saturday night.

At Park Ballroom:

Over Prehn's-on-Green is the coziest of all campus dance palaces. Along with dark lights, overstuffed davenport, and a perfect dance floor Gale Mathers provides the best of music from traveling orchestras. This weekend Al Sky is to be featured.

At Bradley:

In the Union Arcade and over Hanley's is the old reliable and favorite of many college dancers. Sponsored by the Union, Bradley offers college bands and occasional big time orchestras.

Completely remodeled and redecorated this fall, it has added to its continued popularity. In honor of Dad's Day and Ohio State, Bradley will offer the Illini-Illibuck dance Saturday night.

Old folks prefer modern methods—Students have found them best, too

For Cleaning Satisfaction

CALL

GARBER'S
Modern Cleaners

CLEANERS
DYERS

•
On the Campus it's Modern
PHONE 8208

PERSONAL

**CHRISTMAS
CARDS**

Gay! Colorful! New!

50 FOR \$1

PRINTED WITH YOUR NAME

Here they are—these ultra-smart cards that are always so individual, French folder style . . . exquisite stock . . . designs especially created by Rytex.

Order Now!

Twin City Ptg. Co.

119-123 W. Park Ave. Champaign

(On the way to the Virginia)

Girls!!

Gain confidence in your dancing

Attend Our Ballroom Practice
Dancing Classes

Wednesday Evenings
7:00 P. M.

5 LESSONS

\$2.50

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NORMA KALTENBACH

Phone 9019

616 East Green

THINGS 'N STUFF

(Continued from Page 31)

tainly prefers gentlemen. She'll have to lay off of pipe smoking with her new personality—a lollipop would be nice instead . . . AL MULLENIX, THETA KAPPA PIH, has an incurable disease — he gets illusions when slightly inebriated and thinks he's in love with all the fairer sex—when they spurn him he wants to start a riot—but when he has to pick the middle of the lobby at interfraternity dances someone ought to wake him up altogether or



put him to sleep in pieces . . . MARY HARRINGTON, A. O. Pi, . . . threw over rah rah college life for chickens, cows, horses, and ducks, and her farm boy—instead of her Jr. job on the Illio this winter she'll be "doin' chores from sun up to sun down, by cracky" . . . LARRY KERNS, big politician and stuff — likes slinky gals with quick tongues and cute noses—DOTTIE SCHARR, ALPHA DELTA PI heads the list, from all latest reports . . . There must have been an "awfully" big moon one Saturday night not so long ago—pin hangings galore, and so early in the season, too. Among those who succeeded were ELEANOR SWENEY, TRI DELT, and BOB HUTCHINS. Eleanor now wears Bob's SIG DELT law fraternity pin . . . Heard that one of the Kappa Delt pledges was enjoying a recent football game with her sister's boy friend —just keeping it in the family . . . PEGGY OLDFHAM, attractive ALPHA GAM, and "MAC" ADAMS, Cisne's popular crooner, have been seen together at the local night spots . . . Another Phi Kap romeo is that MIKE CONNOLLEY guy . . . journ. major whose favorite song is "Nobodies Sweetheart Now." What no T. P. A????? What's this about SHIRLEY WALLACE, GAMMA PHI, and JACK MABLEY, BETA THETA PI . . . both with Junior Illini jobs and both seen strolling around together. Not another DAVE WELLING, DOTTIE DULANEY combination . . . I hope . . . AL TILLMAN and BILLY WHITEHOUSE, ALPHA SIGS, spent one big evening—and a cheap one. They went out with the taxi-cab driver and his gal. By 5 a. m. that meter must have ticked off on awful lot of "sense" . . . lights connected here and there . . . signals . . . electrical contraptions . . . mention these three things to a BETA and he laughs long and hard . . . yeh, funny joke . . . Right here and now I think we ought to present a pure while lily to AL KENDRICKY, ACACIA. He wears rubbers and bowls with cork ball. Whoops m' dear . . . aren't you exerting yourself???? VIRGINIA CAMPBELL, A. CHI O. two-timed her boy-friend, BILLY

WIEST. She was at the I-F dance with another man while our boy gazed sorrowfully in the door . . . Still some things we would like to see the TRI DELTS without . . . KIT PORTER'S coiffure, ELEANOR SWENEY'S look of superiority . . . several blanks for our readers to fill in . . . How the Betas ever pledged JIM CRABBE is more than we can understand cause he likes his beer and whiskey. But then not all the BETAS can be "must not touch boys" . . . I think one and all should know that "IGGY BALL," DELT GAM, coalitionist was offered the Jr. Prom candidacy for next year if that party won, "CHUCK" ROMINE, the DELT with the "golden voice" said she had about as much chance for that title as he had for athletic director . . . LES LUNDQUIST, DELTA CHI, may have his pin on MARY LEE CALL, but AL WEEG and HOMIER REID, more you know what, seem to have enrolled in all her classes, mere coincidence . . . BETTY POTTER, the sage of SAGER HOUSE, (No punning, please) has a date formula. "Is he tall; is he cute; can he dance, has he got any money; can he get any more; do you know how I can get it?" . . . Meanest man on campus the smoothie who approached an obvious freshman and asked her if she would like to sell tickets for the chimes concert, she was sorry, but ORANGE AND BLUE FEATHERS were all the activities she had time for . . . what girl from WARNER HALL asked RUTH PARKS, SAGER HOUSE, to get her a date? Maybe she should have kept that DELTA CHI pin . . . what PHI PSI dates are called J—e the Goon and N-g the Bag . . . HARRY "STINKY" to his friends) RUSH, PHI PSI proxy, is having a busy year following the two months' old German police mascot he brought down, which is appropriately named "PUDDLES" . . . "MASSA"



IRA TWIST, PHI PSI, is having a swell time playing tag with JUNE TURNER, CHI O, during the winter, and an unknown miss from ARKANSAS in the summer pleads "write soon, dearest" . . . DAVE MOJONNIER the "ANTHONY ADVERSE" of 911 South Fourth street, has been toeing the line more than he has been accustomed to in past years since "BAR DARLING" (A KAPPA PLEDGE) started to get an education here . . . PHI KAPPA PSI, the self-styled "richest house on campus," cannot decide whether to have a cocktail lounge, or just a plain merry-go-round bar in their new mansion to be built in the summer of '37. Haven't you heard,

ask them! . . . Victims of the marriage bug; RICHARD LUDDERS '36 vs. JESSE WADE ex'35 . . . married the first of October . . . they say that the third time is a charm, so the auburn-haired KAPPA DELT, SYBILLA KEELER, is trying it again. JIMMY MILLER'S PSI U badge now keeps company with her KD shield . . . true story . . . it happened one night at about six-thirty. The scene was PREHN'S-ON-ORE-



GON, crowded with Sunday night supper seekers. Two joyous co-eds wended their way to La Senorita and bolted the door behind them. Five minutes later shuffling and jangling of latches from the inner regions indicated that something had gone amiss with the lock. Then silence—more silence—silence again. (ED. NOTE: Maybe this will give you a clue, LOST—two well-worn dignitaries while climbing through a window at PREHN'S.

Welcome Dads!

The Hotel Beardsley extends to returning Dads and visitors for the Dads Day game its own warm hospitality and its wishes for fair weather, fair play, and a victory to the best team.

HOTEL BEARDSLEY

JOE MEANEY, Manager

THE MAID-RITE Sandwich Shop

Highest Quality Foods Only

Prepared by women cooks
in the home manner.

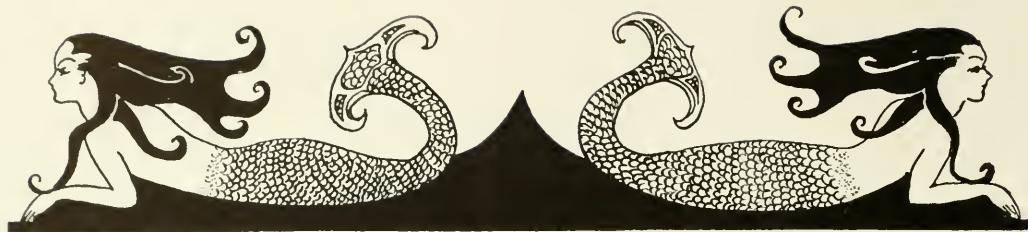
- *Regular Meals*
- *Tasty Sandwiches*
- *Better Shakes*

516 EAST GREEN STREET
On the Campus

BRESEE BROS. CLEANERS • DYERS

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Hatters . . . Tailors

UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS**SIREN**

FOUNDED 1912

VOLUME XXVII
NUMBER 2JAMES A. WILL,
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OFFICE
 Third Floor Student Center
 Hours 4:00-5:00 Daily

Out of the Waste Basket

WELL, here it is Dad's Day again—Good ol' Dad . . . It's he who pays and pays and then *plays* and pays some more. So here's to the old man, treat him right . . . remember you too may be a father yourself some day—maybe.

Every year there are queens galore—Prom Queens, Homecoming Queens, Popularity Queens, Beauty Queens . . . and housemothers. And every year not to be outdone the Siren has its Queen—this year there were so many to choose from . . . (so many beautiful Illini Co-eds)

that we decided to have five—no more—no less.

So don't give up girls—there is still a chance to become a queen of something or other . . . and remember it's not beauty that always wins—Hell no! It *couldn't* be beauty that does it.

After locating the office (I'd a sworn I remembered where I left it) last September many things have happened. Yesterday "Huck" Wells emerged from the closet with a month's growth of beard . . . and a story . . . at least the beard was

"Huck's." Goodman and Goldman drove by after spending "Homecoming in the coliseum."

"Orville of the Ozarks" must have thought we were the postmaster because he left us a letter to his pa.

Well, if there are any readers of the Siren who can draw, write, or anything—and are interested—drop into the office (338 Union Building) sometime before June.

See you later—we hope.

Yours,

—JIM WILL.



G.R.GRUBB & CO.
ARTISTS • ENGRAVERS
CHAMPAIGN ILLINOIS

"Another Campus Joke"

The "guy" who had the other fellow photograph him and wishes Weber had.

"Don't be a Joke"

PARK BALLROOM

It's the Best—Where the Campus Dances

Conveniently located over Prehn's on Green . . . Beautifully decorated in modernistic motif . . . Overstuffed davenport's for your comfort . . . The largest and best floor on the campus, ventilated with gigantic fans.

A New Orchestra Each Week-end

Remember, It's the PARK at Illinois



WHEREVER...
WHATEVER...
WHENEVER
YOU EAT—

*for Digestion's Sake...
Smoke Camels!*

Smoking Camels encourages a proper flow of digestive fluids...increases alkalinity...brings a sense of well-being

YOU eat over a thousand meals a year! Food is varied. Place and time often differ. Yet, thanks to Camels, you can help digestion meet these changing conditions easily. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Tension eases. Alkalinity in-

creases. You enjoy your food—and have a feeling of ease and contentment after eating. Mealtime or anytime—make it Camels—for digestion's sake, for Camel's invigorating "lift," for mildness and fine flavor. Camels do not get on your nerves.

Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOES
...Turkish and Domestic...
than any other popular brand.

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

ROUTES 100 TRAINS A DAY.
H. M. Wright, train director,
says: "I smoke Camels and I
can count on good digestion."

GLIDER CHAMPION. Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."

il Gufsi

v 27

Siren



Twenty
Cents

DECEMBER, 1936

Season's Greetings

FROM

R.J.REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO



At your dealer's you'll find this Christmas package—the Camel carton—200 cigarettes.

Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. (right, above)

Camels

There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to *your* gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And *enjoyed!* With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating—for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Prince Albert

It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for themselves—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning...to wish *your* friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.



One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "bite-less" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. (far left)

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. (near left)

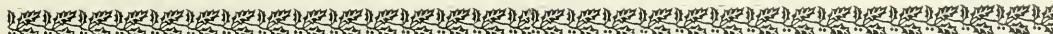
I Meet Santa Claus

By BILL LIVESAY



'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the flats,
Not a creature was stirring, not even the rats.
The gunny-sacks were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Santy Claus soon would be there.
Us boys, drunk as hornets, were snug in our beds,
While visions of highballs danced in our heads.
As I lay there, peacefully, my mind kinda numb,
I decided this whole Santy Claus idea was dumb.
In the first place, how could he fly thru sleet and snow,
And visit a worldfull of guys sleepin' below?
How could Santy float thru the night with ease,
Without catchin' the chills or emittin' a sneeze?
How can he start his trip with such a big fat bag,
And end it up with such a thin little rag?
Last of all, how can he wiggle down a chimney so thin,
When if I should try, I'd stick by the chin?
I thought and wondered, till I heard such a clatter,
I jumped out of bed to see what was the matter.
Up on the roof I heard such a terrible roar
I thought the whole ceiling would fall to the floor.
"It must be Santy," I thought with a smile,
"I bet he's come to our house to stay for a while.
"I hope it is Santy," I said, "coming here to haunt
"Because this'll be one year, then, that I'll get what I want."
I tore down the stairs, to the parlor, by the fire,
Thinkin' whoever said there wasn't any Santy sure was a
liar.
I got there in time to hear a loud groan and grunt,
So it was that I peered up the chimney to hunt
For the source of the racket, and what I saw made me pause,
For head downward, stuck in the pipe, was old Santy Claus!
I'll be with ya in a minut, he said with a groan,
While he pushed and snarled, like a dog with a bone.
At first it looked like he was stuck for good
But he kept on hollerin' and tellin' me he could.
So I sat and waited, hearin' him grunt and cuss,
When of a sudden he plopped out of space and lit on his
puss.
"How are ya doin' and what'll ye have?" sez he,
And there he was, bigger'n' life, starin' at me.
Well, just fill them gunny-sacks with any old junk

Anything'll do except neckties and handkerchiefs, they're
punk.
"Well sir, first then, I'll join ye in a little swig,"
Sez he, "Bring out yer scotch, you'll find Santy's no pig."
As host to Santa, I was certainly a bust,
Martini was all I had—gosh could I have cust!
"It's a sissy drink," sez he, "ain't got much spunk,
"Don't suppose a tankful could make us drunk."
"That's what you think, Santy," I said, pourin' the juice.
"Take a couple these and you'll think all hell's bursted
loose."
Well, Santy took me up and slugged down five, sweet as
you please,
In tryin' to keep up to him I was gettin' weak in the knees.
"This is like water to me, my boy," said Santa Claus,
"This stuff hasn't enough heat to warm up my jaws."
I knew it was gonna work on the old boy slow,
So I says, "Jest you wait, Santy, it'll lay you low."
Sure enough, it soon hit him and hit him hard,
For he flopped on his belly like a ton of lard.
I tried and tried to revive him from his plight,
For who'd ever forgive me for puttin' Santa out like a
light?
I ran to the bathroom and filled up the tub,
And came back and gave old Santa the rub.
"Gosh, I'll have to work fast," I thought,
"Or the prayers of a million kids will have gone for naught."
I worked, and worked, and how I did it I'll never know,
But of a sudden, he came to and hollered "By Joe
"I gotta get goin'"—I'm way behind, and late,
"And what's more I'm sick—it musta been sumthin' I ate."
Well he was up the chimney and off in a flash,
And I hoped he'd make it, as he cracked out his lash.
The sleighbells faded and I thought of the redfaced bounder,
Who was a great old Santa, but a hell of a rounder.
At least, if I hadn't come through and saved his hide,
Hundreds and thousands of kids woulda woke up and cried,
For ,after all, what could be worse than to have Santa
tight,
On his one and only, his sacred, Christmas night???



CHRISTMAS ★ GREETINGS

from the Illinois Siren

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features

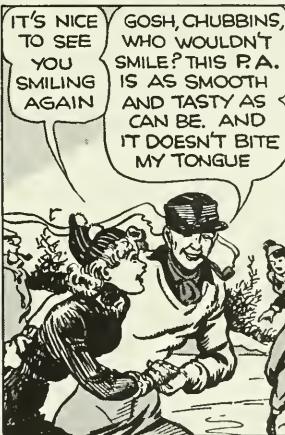
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JIM WILL
Editor

Published 6 months, September, November, December, February, April, May, during the school year by the Illini Publishing Co., University Station, Urbana, Illinois. Address all communications to The Siren, University Station, Urbana, Illinois. Twenty cents the copy. Entered as second class matter at the Post-office at Urbana, Illinois by act of Congress March 3, 1879. Exclusive reprint rights on all material under five hundred words granted recognized college humor magazines.

HARRY MODELL
Business Manager

D E C E M B E R 1936

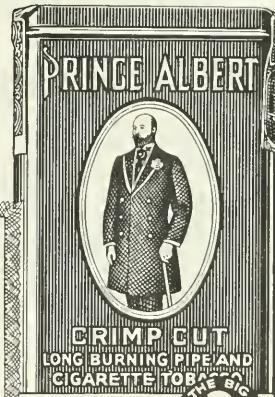


Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

**PRINCE ALBERT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF—**

Prince Albert is as tasty and mellow as Nature and man, both working together, can make it. The tobaccos in P. A. are among the choicest grown—expertly cured, carefully matured. As the crowning touch, every leaf is processed

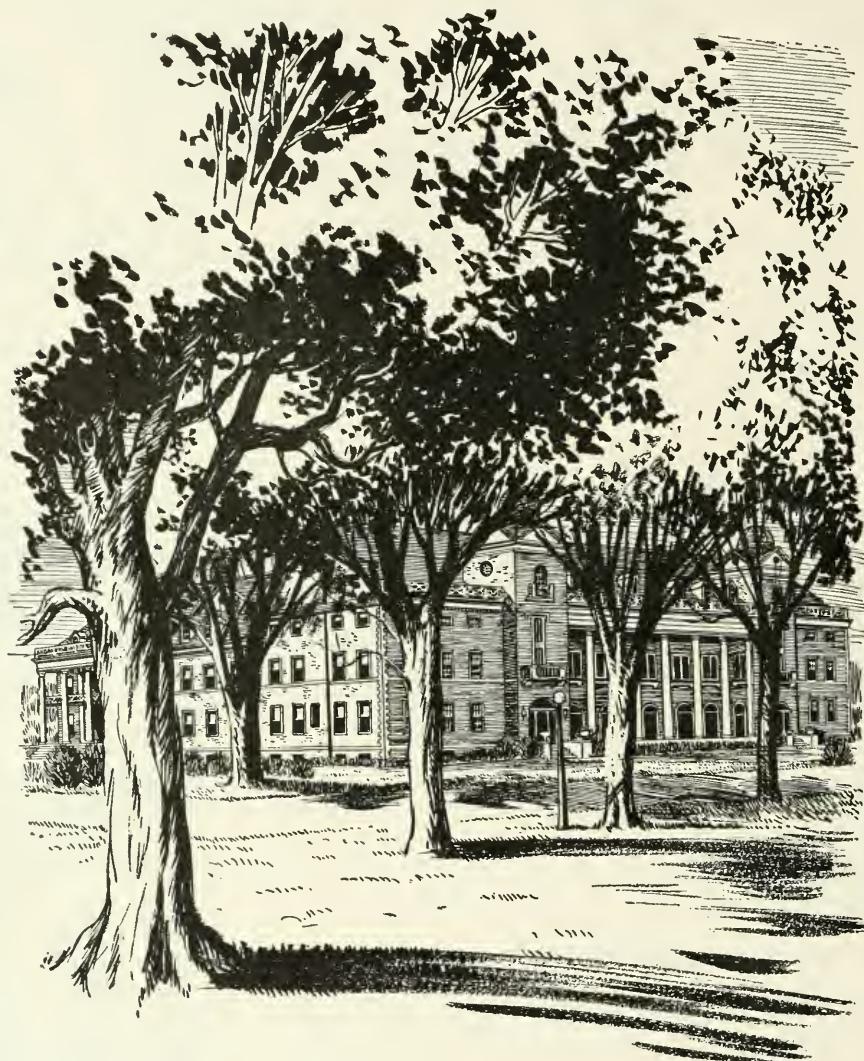
to take out "bite." Then, cut the scientific way—"crimp cut." It's bound to be mellow, tasty, slow-burning tobacco that suits steady pipe smokers to a T. Prince Albert is great tobacco for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

**PRINCE ALBERT MUST PLEASE YOU**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of
fragrant tobacco in every
2-oz. tin of Prince Albert



WOMAN'S BUILDING

And He Learned about FRESHNESS from Her!



DOPENY'S delicious Delilah dished out fetching freshness with saucy sureness. Always start them off with Double-Mellow Old Golds. They will catch on so much quicker.

The two jackets of Cellophane is the first tip-off, and then with the first delightful puff of that mellow, sun-ripened, prize crop tobacco, the light of true freshness will dawn and he'll catch the spirit of things. Christmas included.

Yes indeedy, and you'll get a bigger kick out of that Kriss Kringle Kiss . . . it will be factory-fresh.

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.

Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

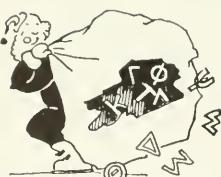
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PRIZE CROP TOBACCO MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

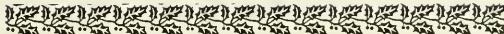
. THINGS



Here comes ole' Santa and his bag full of stuff—thing's 'n stuff to be exact. First of all he found *Hank Morton's* I sweater as a Christmas present. Poor Hank hasn't worn it since last month when he ended up in the bathtub with it on—but ask the *Theta Xi* boys what a ducking ole' "Hank" got last spring in that mud hole of theirs—And *Phil Dougherty*, another *Theta Xi*, takes the spotlight—not because he thought the *Lambda Chi* house was on fire when it was only a fire in the fireplace, nor because he hung *Scott Weller's* pin on *Nita Potter, A. O. Pi*, but because he gets fighting mad if called *Phyllis*—wonder why? The *AOPi* pledges entertained the actives a few weeks ago with scenes into the future with their actives as the characters—*Helen Jane Wells* was seen raising "Scottys"—is that you again *Weller?*—It's rather pointless but the *AOPi*'s will like it.—And *Gary Decker, TEKE*, had better look out for *Ruth Smejkal, AOPi*, because she is still waiting for a call after that one blind date—*Field Beam* can fix his Illini scandal snoopers so his love life is not exposed but it will take plenty of dough to keep this *Eileen Sticgal* romance of his off the books—thanks for that last story about the *Siren Field*—even though you buried it—And Why not get a Scout column again—The *Illini* sure needs one.—*Philo French, ATO*, is worried because he kissed his home-town girl's best friend—*Rene Du Bois, DTD* pledge, has been calling up a certain blond *AOPi*—*Muriel Nelson*, cute little *Alpha Gam* and *Nick Gurr, SIG CII*, exchanged Paul Stone pictures not so long ago as a touching token of their affection—speaking of *Alpha Gam's* they had to have a special house meeting to decide what to do with *Cleo Jane Smiley* when they received from *Jim Hoffmann, Lambda Chi*, a petition to release her from her five black marks—good luck all you pledges on the initiation grades, especially to the *DU* and his one point. He needs it—The *Kappa Sigs* had better stick to wreck-less things, such as cars, instead of hay wagons, from the result of their recent trip—ditches are not so comfortable when one lands in them—"Torchy" *Harrison, Lambda Chi*, takes the silver loving cup—he had five dates in one night—"whoa is me"—At least that is what his fraternity brothers say—*Florence Stalte, AGD*'s most recent siren and *Cam Brown*, the campus politician have been seen together lately.—Well, well, well, here is old Santa again so let us see what he has in that bag of his. . . .



'N STUFF . . .

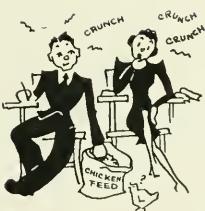


Mary Margaret Smith—Indep. from Rezzie thought “there was something about a soldier” so she had a couple of them stirring up atmosphere around her—but when they both walked home from retreat with her—each stranger to the other and both razzing her—she decided to switch to the Navy—they are a lot dumber but easier to handle.



If Earl Moss looks like he's walking on air it's because he can't get over the effect of those 15 champagne cocktails he had about a month ago.

Margaret Van Horn, Pi Phi, and a dark handsome stranger in her 3 o'clock entertain themselves by entertaining the class. One time they sat there and ate chicken feed—real honest to goodness stuff.



The Jane Chapeck-Don Christiansen romance, if you call such a thing “romance” after seven years of muggin’, is just one of those familiar sights around the Pi Phi chateau. The Delta Sigs suggested that he get a job there as janitor so he could be useful as well as ornamental.

Petite Eleanor Wise—the cute Sigma Delta Tau with the dancing feet and beautiful legs doesn't like the Illinois Campus. Well, we don't like Cincinnati either, shorty—so what!

Zita Herron, Theta Phi Alpha, is one little girl that might turn out worth while—she isn't so very good in art but she has other possibilities—??

A Z. T. A. pledge known as Marie (tuber and pain in the neck) Schueller will have to try Postum, for her disposition—and then pass some around to her acquaintances—I who was it that said “Let a freshman go—they have such big ideas but nothing behind it.”

Frances Deneen, ex D. G. pledge—the one that pulled the sudden marriage the middle of last year—is very happy living with her Don—in fact, everything is all “okay” except for the mice—little ones—they jump out of studio couches and run across your foot. Hubby came home the other nite to find her perched on top of the table yelling at the top of her voice.

(Continued on Page 61)



POEMS 'N STUFF

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG

I am a fugitive from a chain gang
Tied, bound and shackled I am one
of those Greeks who had the brains

—or guts

to hang my pin.

I am a fugitive
from a chain gang.

My body hangs
crucified on a five-pound candy cross.
. . . Buddy, it's hell.

Mind, soul and body I am her's
bound by the little chain that con-

ncts her pin

to my frat pin.

I am a fugitive
from the chain gang.

Cigar smoke haunts
my slumbers, like opium-dreaded
dreams.

. . . Buddy, it's hell.

Bill, Bruce and Orv they're the same
but cannot call their life their own
because

of that terrible pin.

I am a fugitive
from the chain gang.

My text books
are forgotten since I'm in love.
. . . Buddy, it's hell.

Cigs, shows and grog I buy her
till my allowance is long since gone
just

for that little chain.

I am a fugitive
from the chain gang.

My left eye
can no longer rove for gals.
. . . Buddy, it's hell.

Delts, Pis and Phis gripe my soul
for their hearts are filled with ice
and snow

and that jewel pin.

I am a fugitive from
the chain gang.

But now my life
longs for that Main Rezzy fresh-

man gal.

. . . Buddy, it's hell.

—Adapted.

A Short Ballad Entitled— Often a Bride's Maid But Never A Bride

To laugh at Percy isn't fair,
You save on stop and go,
Her husband was a carrier,
So wifey gets B. O.
What is it that your friends
won't tell?

They never let you down.
A drugless aid to sleep? Why
hell!

There's lots of that around
And more I can't recall is this:
What gets four out of five?
With lipstick, now, that's meant
to kiss

I'm glad that I'm alive!
Just chew this gum then you can
smile,

At least that's their belief—
But what's the sense to walk a
mile

And then, just show your teeth?
Ah! Now you ask, "What can
we do

To cure our latest ill?
Each issue brings an ad that's
new;

We need a stronger pill!
Well, why not just confine in
cells

Whose walls are thick with pads,
The maniacs and imbeciles
Who write these silly ads—
and poems???

Art Mahoney



US

We think, and he says
"She's kinda nice, I guess."
And then I look at him
And I say, "Yes."
He answers, quick-like
"Not as nice as you."
So I will smile, and
Maybe kiss him, too.
Then he gets up and
Lights a cigarette

And he says, "Well, you
Haven't asked me yet."
Innocent, with dumbness
I've not really got
I inquire, "Haven't
Asked you what?"

He looks tolerant, as
Though I were a child,
And tells me, "Honey
You drive me wild."
That goes on until
Ten-thirty by the clock
And then I only wait
For next evening's knock
At which time we
Repeat the whole damn thing
It doesn't get us anywhere
but us likes it!

—Don.

—S—

ON HOW TO BE NAUGHTY AND STILL BE NICE

Question

I want the lights that brightly shine
I want the men; I want the wine;
I want the thrills of a long-drawn
kiss;

I want the things that good girls
miss;

I want the fun without the price;
I want to be naughty, and still be
nice;

I want the arms, the heart of a man
And still stay single, if I can.

Will some one give me some good
advice

On how to be naughty and still be
nice?

Answer

You can't have the man, the fun, the
wine

Without the price, little girl of mine,
You can't have the thrills of a pas-
sionate kiss

Without some forfeit and a risk.
Arms? Yes, you can have them every
day.

Hearts? No, men don't love that
way.

Are you really looking for good ad-
vice?

You can't be naughty and still be
nice.

—Swiped.

PORTRAIT OF A FROSH SAYING GOODNITE

Date—"Gee, I had a swell time, thanks a lot."

Frosh (pawing front porch very nervously) — "Er-ah — you — ah — don't suppose I could come inside for just a second, do you?"

Date (coyly)—"What for?"

Frosh (rubbing his finger across his nose and scratching his chin)—"Well—there's something I want to ask you."

Date (standing very close—so close that frosh retreats and begins pulling his ear)—"Couldn't you tell me out here just as well? Besides it's late, and mother told me never to be alone with strange men."

Frosh (dejectedly)—"Well it's so light out here and—I—want to—a—aw gee let's go in." (He rubs his shoes over one another and on the backswing sends a milk bottle clattering down the steps to break in a million pieces).

Date—"Now you've probably awakened the whole neighborhood."

Frosh (miserably)—I'm sorry—but that's the way you effect me. I think you're swell."

Date—That makes me feel awful good. But after all we're too young to be falling in love. You've your career to consider. (She has her arms on Frosh's shoulders—who knows).

Frosh—I know that—but when a man's in love he doesn't think of his career, and I'm determined. I know what I want. I'm going to—(he hesitates).

Date (anxiously)—"You mean you're going to kiss me. (She seizes the amazed suitor and kisses him long and loud after which he falls a few times and swoons with excitement. He joins the broken bottle on the pavement and then arises—walking unsteadily across the street—as if he had had seven stiff drinks one after the other. The date watches a minute and then draws a small notebook from her purse. Opening it she makes a small mark and goes in the house.

—Fuller.

WOMEN

Bad men
Want their women
To be like cigarettes
In a case—
Just so many, all slender and trim,
Waiting in a row
To be selected, set aflame, and,
When their fire has died,
Dicarded.
More fastidious men
Prefer women
Like cigars;
These are more exclusive,
Look better, and last longer.
If the brand is good
They aren't given away.
Nice men
Treat women
Like pipes,
And become attached to them,
Knock them gently but lovingly,
And care for them always.
No man shares his pipe.

—S—

"Is this the Salvation Army?"
"Yes."
"Do you save bad women?"
"Yes."
"Well, save a couple for me for Saturday night." *Lyre.*

—S—

CO-EDOLOGY

"Whatcha doin' Saturday night, honey?"

"Gotta date."
"And the Saturday after that?"
"Gotta date."
"And the Saturday after that?"
"Gotta Date."
"Good Lord, woman, don't you ever take a bath?"

—Slipping Beauty.

—S—

Owner: How did you come to puncture this tire?

Chauffeur: Ran over a milk bottle.

Owner: Didn't you see it in time?

Chauffeur: No, the kid had it under his coat. —*Iwgywan.*

—S—

Still pool of my thoughts,
I plunge to bathe,
But crack head on shallow bottom.

—Old Line.

GIRLS CALLED HIM 'BLUEBEARD'!

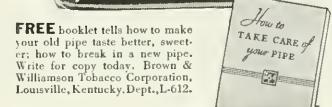


—because every time he let out a blast of murderous tobacco from his never-cleaned pipe they couldn't help thinking of the famous gent who assassinated six wives. A pity, too—when women love pipe-smoking done in the right way. Which is? 1. Keep your pipe tidy. 2. Switch to the tobacco that burns cleaner and smells more fragrant. We modestly admit that's Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco—an uncommonly mild blend of Kentucky Burleys delightful to both smoker and audience. How such superlative tobacco can be only 15¢ is our worry. Try a tin. You'll bless us.

*SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA*



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweater; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept., L-612.



SUMPIN'S WRONG

● By Bob Wilt ●



It's been a long time since the critics and specialists in forecasting have picked an Illinois basketball team to be one of the top-notchers. But this year they are, and something seems wrong, yet perhaps we haven't taken time out to notice just what it is that stirs the writers to such pitch, and maybe we are missing something because we haven't.

In the first place, the energetic young coach, Doug Mills, at the helm of an Illinois team for the first time, has this to say: 1) We have the hardest schedule an Illini five has ever had to contend with; 2) the team will be the most interesting to watch I have ever coached; and 3) watch us, even though we may not satisfy the advance dope.

What about the schedule? Illinois plays two games each with Indiana and Purdue, co-champions last year and who start this year with their teams intact except for the loss of one key man each; two games with Notre Dame, one of the country's outstanding quintets last year who begin with virtually the same combination; two with Northwestern who is anticipating its greatest season in years; and then DePaul, Chicago's warrior team which last year beat three Big Ten teams and lost by two points to the Illini. Add Iowa, Wisconsin, and Chicago and a few other non-conference tilts and it equals suicide—quite adequately—or else merited success.

Speed and accuracy are the most potent attributes of the players. Of the first ten or fifteen most likely to play, all are fast and deadly in their shooting. Coach Mills plans to allow them to employ their own style of play, let them be freer, and teach them a fast-breaking offense—



Well, this is sure a helluva time to think of that.



a style to cope with the varied abilities of Combes, Boudreau, Nesbit, Wardley, Farrington, Vopicka, Riegel, and Henry. Picture this team streaking back and forth, skillfully handling the ball, carefully angling its shots, expertly blotting out the scoring attempts of the opposition, and no wonder Coach Mills expects an interesting team with a fascinating style. The gym will be packed for every game—that adding to the spectacle; the opponents will always be formidable—an attraction in itself; and the Illini team—how can it be anything but interesting.

The first blow to any title hopes has already been struck, but it is not devastating. Harry Combes won't play until after Christmas, but he'll

be rarin' to go then. Still there is Boudreau and others to carry on. Capt. Bob Riegel and his six feet four inches carries the height and ability for the center position; Louis Boudreau and Tommy Nesbit, well-remembered from the flashy, impregnable Thornton prep team; Wib Henry, defensively great; and Jim Vopicka, Jay Wardley, Chuck Farrington, and By Blout can cope with the rest. Mills smiles as he visions the happy basketball months of December, January, and February. We can too, for perhaps the critics aren't wrong.

But still, sumpin's wrong. Yes, if Illinois doesn't go places, something is wrong.



And I wish you
many of them ...

They Satisfy



HOW to LAND that JOB

By Ted Rybicki

Being a specialist in job getting I am willing to offer all students (and Siren readers) a few important hints on how to land that \$1,000 a week job. Our first lesson will deal with answering newspaper advertisements by mail. Following is a sample of what a good letter should look like.

Bird Center,
December 25, 1936

Dear Sir:

I beg to offer myself as an applicant for the position advertised this morning. I am a young man, 37 years of age, have had 23 years business experience, being connected with the U. S. Embassy at Madagascar and feel confident if you will give me a trial I can prove my worth to you. I am not only an expert book-keeper, proficient stenographer and typist, excellent telegrapher and erudite college graduate, but have several other accomplishments which make me desirable. I am an experienced snow-shoveler, a first class peanut roaster, have some knowledge

of removing superfluous hair, and clipping puppy dogs ears, and have a medal for reciting "Curfew shall not ring tonight," am a skillful chiropodist, and a practical farmer, can cook, take care of horses, crease trousers, open oysters, and repair umbrellas, and am also the champion plug tobacco chewer of Alaska, my spitting record being 39 feet—against the wind.

Being possessed of great physical beauty, I would not only be useful but would be ornamental as well, lending to the sacred precincts of your office, that delightful charm that a Satsuma vase or a stuffed billy-goat would. My whiskers being quite extensive and luxuriant, my face could be used for a pen wiper and feather duster.

I can furnish high recommendations from Chauncey Depew, Jacob J. Cokey, Kaiser Wilhelm, Captain Clark, the Prime Minister of Dachomui and George Vitoux.

As to salary, I would feel that I was robbing the widowed and swip-

ing brussel sprouts from Paul Dean and Charles Ashworth, if I were to take advantage of your munificence by accepting the fabulous sum of \$3.50 per week and would be entirely willing to give my services for less, and, by accepting the sum of \$1.30 per week would give you an opportunity of not only increasing your donation to your church, paying your butcher, and keeping your life insured, but also to found a home for fly paper salesmen, and endow a free bed in the cats home. Really, ole' man, your unheard-of bounty borders on the supernatural and to the unsophisticated must appear like reckless extravagance.

Can call any night after 00:00 o'clock, or can be seen Sunday morning in the loft of the church, State and Madison streets, where I am employed as first assistant organ blower, and understudy to the janitor.

You know it,
Deacon Frisbee



Newly designed coiffures
play up smart
sophistication
at its best

Loel Beauty Shop

Marie Krumm, Mgr.

Phone 4060

609 E. Green St., First Floor

"Lady, you'll have to pay half-fare for that boy."

"But, conductor, he's only four years old."

"Well, he looks like a six-year old."

"Sir, I have been married only four years!"

"Lady, I'm not asking for a confession. I'm asking for a half-fare."

—Penn Punch Bowl.

—S—

Him: Do you go on dates with strange men?

Her: Once and a while. Last night I went riding and he didn't try to park and pet. —Exchange.

**For Better
and
Tastier**

**BAKERY
GOODS**

Go to

Porter's Bakery

Phone 2254

Opposite the City Building

A POINTED COMMENT

"I had a date with a professional mind reader once."

"What did she tell you?"

"She said she enjoyed a vacation now and then."

—S—

During the recent war maneuvers on the campus, a regular army officer went up to one of the R. O. T. C. cadets, who was on guard at a strategic position, and began quizzing him.

"What would you do if a battleship came cruising across Mirror Lake?" the officer asked.

"I'd sink it with a submarine, sir."

"The same damned place you got the battleship, sir."

Score one for the R. O. T. C.

—*Sundial*.

—S—

She: Do you want to see where I was operated on?

He (eagerly): Yes.

She: Well, we're just two blocks from the hospital.

—*Mountain Goat*.

—S—

Ag Student: Have you had botany?

Inattentive Listener: Have I botany what? —*Exchange*.

—S—

"Say, Bill, do you remember that girl I used to go around with in college?"

"You mean the one with skinny legs and a big nose? She used to get sick on beer and have crying jags. Say, do I re—"

"I married her."

"No, as I was just saying, I don't remember her."

—*Penn State Froth*.

—S—

A man of six feet eight inches applied for a job as a life guard.

"Can you swim?" asked the official.

"No, but I can wade to beat hell."

—*Finjan*.

—S—

Enthusiastic Agent: "Now here is a house without a flaw."

Harvard Grad: "What do you walk on?" —*Chapperal*.



SEND flowers— don't wear them in your hair!

It's no longer necessary to endure the common or garden variety of hair "tonics" whose cheap flowery scents misrepresent both your taste and your masculinity! There's something new for Hair—*Fougere Royale Hair Lotion*—and it's all man. It has the fragrance of the Royal Fern—clean, woodsy, exhilarating. It grooms your hair handsomely—stimulates the scalp—corrects dryness—yet isn't oily. *There's not a sheik in a carload!* Price 85c.



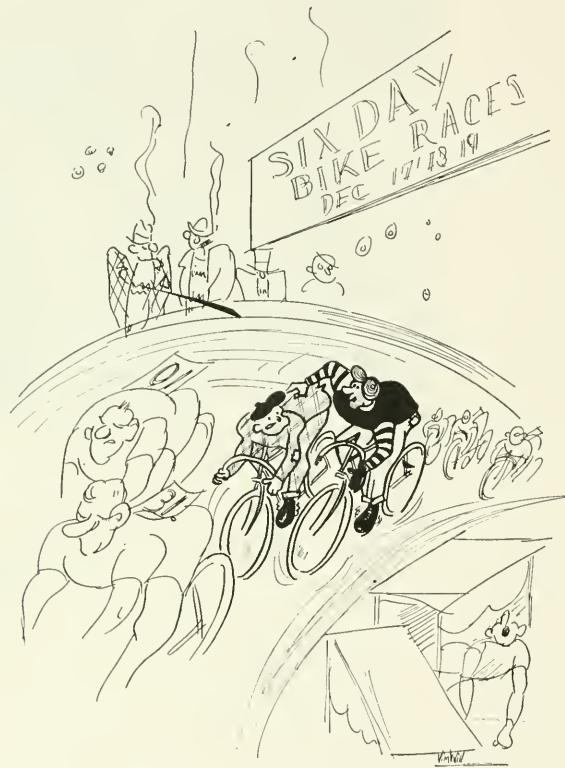
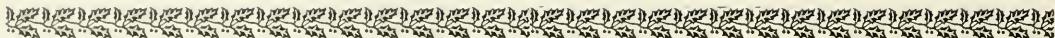
Fougere Royale Shaving Bowl. The trend is back to Luxurious shaving via this handsomely turned out natural wood bowl of the miraculous *Fougere Royale Soap*. \$1.00.

Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion...a dash of refreshment for razor-roughened skins. Slightly astringent to soothe little nicks; Royal Fern in fragrance to delight your senses. 85c.

Fougere Royale Talc. Supremely fine in quality, toned for men's skin, scented for men's senses. There's nothing coquettish about this talc. 55c.

FOUGERE ROYALE

by HOUBIGANT for men



Boy! The cops will never think of
looking for us here



AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

They were sitting on the porch, the two of them. He longed to take her in his arms, but he did not dare. She was trembling. She looked at him, and he saw the pathetic, heart-rending appeal in her troubled eyes. A million mixed emotions took possession of him; love and pity, mainly, and violent anger at this horrible thing that was taking all the joy out of her life. And he had done it! He had been responsible!

He was down. He'd thought the problem out from all angles, and he could see no hope, no silver lining for this cloud, blacker than all others. He turned away from her; he couldn't bear to look at her, realizing that she must hate him for being so helpless, so useless to her in this, her hour of need. After she had trusted him, he had failed her. He was a man . . . at least, he had always claimed to be, and he could do nothing for her. He felt himself losing all her respect, all her love. She could never see him again after this; he knew that. He would have to go away, to the end of the world, to escape that look in her eyes, that horrible reproach and disappointment in him. He shuddered at the future that was in store for him. This misdeed of his would haunt him forever.

Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind. "I can, and I will!" He pledged himself silently and turned back to her. "My darling, we'll see this thing through. You know that I love you."

But the tears in her eyes were proof enough of her despair. She had lost all faith in him. Everything was ruined for her.

It roused him to a frenzy. He cursed the world and shook his mighty fists, knowing all too well that physical power, however great, was no good to him now. He had gone through three years of college. He had been a Varsity football man. He had done this and been that, and what was he now? A rotter! A cad who had destroyed a girl's happiness, and he was supposed to be in love with her!

She was crying now. "I can't go back to school next year," she sobbed brokenly. "I can't do anything. I want to die."

He choked on his words. "I can't ask you to let me kiss you . . . I am not worthy of that anymore. Darling, please stop crying, please! We'll find a way out."

She didn't answer. She didn't believe him. Wretched, he led her into the house. Spent and weary, she dropped into an easy chair and he tenderly placed a pillow behind her. "Life is over for me," he thought. "To think that one moment of indiscretion could do all this to us, when we loved each other so much."

And then, out of a clear sky, she stopped sobbing. She stood up, her face transfigured with unbelieving joy. The sun was shining again; the world was beautiful, wonderful.

The gardener stood on the threshold, a tiny ball of fur in his arms. "Here's your kitten, Miss Janice," he said haughtily. "And as for you, young man, don't you go chasin' him up no more trees when you know how much he means to her. I almost broke my neck on that ladder!"

THINGS 'N STUFF

(Continued from Page 53)

Junie Schoeller, Pi Kap, is either the Kappa Delta Don Juan or prize sucker. He has dated six K. D.'s is the last year and is still going strong. Weber is the latest whim.

The illustrious Ruth Ho Wade—Kappa big shot and Y worker—gave up a trip to New York and Champaign cocktails at the Waldorf for a date with Dave Meek—and a trip to the College Inn and a scotch and soda.

University of Michigan has some great attraction for a certain Kappa—When a gal like the beauteous Dottie Clark goes around claiming she had the most won-der-ful time she's ever, ever had—that's bad for the Illini pride.

Chuck Stotz, Delta Phi, and a frat brother of his had one embarrassing moment in North Reserve of the main libe one nite when a chilly Kappa told them where to head in. But the Kappa is curious as to what was in the little box that caused such a sensation.

Marion (I'm a big shot and I certainly do get around) McKenzie and Jerry Danaher — not forgetting Elinor Wheeland—are the three charmers of the POP house—Marion is shy and reserved—Jerry is brilliant and studious—Elinor is athletic—???

(Continued on Page 64)



Give Books

Inspect our large selection of newest and best books people are buying and reading now—Fiction, Juvenile, Travel, Art, Poetry, Biography, Reporting, Dollar Books, Leather Bindings, Nature Books, Classics—etc.

The Co-Op Book Shop

625 S. Wright St.

DISC 'N DATA

By Bill Hennig

Another month and another swell crop of records! Seems like huge increase in sales has spurred the record companies to turn the platters out in carload lots. Decca, with its great number of attractions, is issuing the most and the best discs on the market. Jack Hylton and his English orchestra have two new 12-inch records—selection from *The Chocolate Soldier* and *The Merry Widow* (15030) and a Gilbert and Sullivan medley (15029). Both are done in the symphonic style that made him famous. Incidentally, Hylton, according to Down Beat, will not be back in the U. S., due to booking rows, so his fans will have to content themselves with his waxings.

Glen Gray's Casa Loma outfit has new arrangements of two fine old stand-bys: *Copenhagen* and *Jungle Jitters* (1048) which contain the usual unbelievably brass work of this swingy aggregation. Bing Crosby accompanied by Ivan Ditmans at the piano croons at his best in *Dear Old Girl* and *Just One Word of Consolation* (1044) which ranks with his *Beyond Compare*. A brace of okay records are *Two Hearts in Cuba* and *Creole Lady* (1034) and *On Your Toes* with *Hide and Seek* (985) produced by Bert Ambrose's English band. Ambrose has taken the place of Ray Noble in England because of his masterful orchestrations of all kinds of tunes. Get an idea of what we mean by listening to his recordings of *Limehouse Blues* and *Whatcha Gotcha Trombone For?*

Victor's collection of ace dance bands is grinding out the pep tunes with great frequency. Guy Lombardo's Canadians ring the bell with their rendition of *Ridin' High*, one of the snappiest tunes in Cole Porter's new musical, *Red, Hot, and Blue*. This is coupled with a number appropriate to the season *Now That Summer Is Gone* (25440). The Victor Orchestra and Mixed Chorus have cut a medley of *Red, Hot, and Blue* (36190) that will appeal to those who prefer Broadway tunes.

Although Benny Goodman's work is beginning to have a stereotyped style (decidedly not swing, in the musician's estimation), the band still has some good passages and an occasional disc that is in the groove. *Alexander's Ragtime Band* (25445) is one of these rare ones, but it is coupled with *Riffin' at the Ritz* which sounds like a poor sequel to *Stompin' at the Savoy*. The Goodman Trio has become a quartet with the addition of Lionel Hampton, sensational West Coast colored vibrapharpist, and their newest release is

Sweet Sue—Just You backed with *My Melancholy Baby* (25473), and what more could one ask? Margaret McRae has succeeded Helen Ward and her first release with Goodman is *Take Another Guess* on top of *Goodnight My Love* (25461).

Particularly Recommended—

VICTOR

- Let's Put Our Heads Together*—Veloz and Yolanda
 25459 *There's Something in the Air*
Where the Lazy River Goes By
 Ray Noble Orchestra
- 25448 *Now*
Little Old Lady
 Ray Noble Orchestra
- 25458 *With Plenty of Money and You*
Let's Put Our Heads Together
 Veloz and Yolanda Music

DECCA

- 1032 *You'll Have to Swing It*
Vote for Mister Rhythm
 Chick Webb Orchestra
- 1037 *Tiger Rag*
Hurricane Harry
 Harry Roy Orchestra
- 953 *St. Louis Blues*
Sweet Sue—Just You
 Joe Daniels' Hot Shots

After you have read Bill's column, drop in and see for yourself



Taylor-Fisher Music Shop

Bradley Arcade Building
715 SOUTH WRIGHT STREET



RIALTO

Saturday Thru Thursday, Dec. 19th to 24th
"Three Men On A Horse"

From the Broadway show of the same name, Frank McHugh is a timid and hen-pecked writer of greeting cards, who keeps to himself his weird gift of picking the winning horses. He has a book in which he notes his prognostications—Carrol Hughes, his wife, finds it and thinks he is two-timing her. He falls in the hands of three gamblers (Allen Jenkins, Teddy Hart, and Sam Levene) and the show ends in uproarious complications.

Coming attractions—"College Holiday," with Ben Bernie, Martha Raye, Burns and Allen, and "The Plainsman," starring Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur are highlighted on the list of coming attractions at the Rialto.

VIRGINIA

Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17th and 18th
"Sworn Enemy"

With Robert Young and Florence Rice together again, this time to help the police capture Joseph Calleia, a desperate gangster who controls the gambling interests of a large city.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Dec. 19th to 21st
"Adventure in Manhattan"

With Jean Arthur (Mr. Deed's girl friend) and Joel McCrea—supported by Reginald Owen, and Herman Bing. A light comedy of the order of Mr. Deeds—and swell entertainment.

Tuesday Thru Thursday—Dec. 22nd to 24th
"Old Hatch"

Wallace Beery is shown at his best in the role of the laziest man in town who stumbles on an unexpected fortune. Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden who were with him in "Ah! Wilderness," support him.

ORPHEUM

Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17th and 18th
"North of Nome"

With Jack Holt and Evelyn Venerable in a story of the northwest in the days of the gold-rush. Jack Holt as always, plays the true he-man type.

Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 19th and 20th

Five acts of R. K. O. Vaudeville. On the screen, "Love Letters of a Star," with two very newcomers to the screen—Polly Howles and Henry Hunter.

Mon., Tues., and Wed., Dec. 21st to 23rd

Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke in "Hearts in Bondage," a story of the Civil war directed by Lew Ayres who used to be a star himself.

Thursday and Friday, Dec. 24th and 25th

Olson and Johnson in the "Country Gentlemen"—a pair dizzy, daffy, looney, laffy comedians who will keep you rolling in the aisles.

GIFTS

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Have your selection crested, engraved, or stamped in gold leaf.

Christmas greeting cards for sweetheart, friend or family.

Also new Illinois greeting cards. A profusion of attractive gifts and gift dressings at prices no higher.

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AT ALL SEASONS

STRAUCH'S

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(and girls too)

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AND EVERYBODI—

Comes to

PREHN'S

Prehn's-on-Green is the only completely air-conditioned restaurant in the Twin Cities

*Where there is music every afternoon
and evening*

ON GREEN ST

J. C.'s

ON OREGON

THINGS 'N STUFF

(Continued from Page 61)

There are rumors, suggestions and such that there was just a wee bit of mourning going on over in the Gamma Phi territory because of the Moss-Good (Kappa-Phi Delt) pin hanging.

George Rossiter threw another one of those parties at his home in Lake Forest—he invited all his Alpha Delt fraternity brothers and their drags—Tillie Simpson was there (nuff said)—in the middle of the evening Barbara Howell turned to Sherman Taylor and smiling very sweetly, said—"I just love Phi Delt parties."—Joe Hickman would have appreciated that.

Mista' Kentucky with the sou'th'n accent (Alpha Gamma Rho) might be slow of speech but he's quick in catching on to a good thing when he sees it—like little French girls with black eyes and 'francais accent.'

Jessie Mallow—another A. G. R., is always griping about the rules and regulations of this campus—"now at Ohio we"—Won't somebody introduce him to a Chi O and make him feel at home.

Gene Reedy, Phi Kap, reputedly spent \$30 the night of his house dance. He had an import date. Don't see what he found in Urbana to spend it on.

Peg Bower and Lee Oliver, Delta Chi, ought to charge admission for the little show they put on—everyone gets educated and it's all free.

Jessie McCraney that Chi Omega pledge with the whinny southe'n accent and hippy walk is one talkative gal. And she has a lot to talk about too—which makes it worse.

Norm Lewis—that Psi U cavalier doesn't let a little pin hanging job stop him—a life of spice is a variety of spice—or something. Maybe he feels safe cause he has two pins.

Hugh Fowler believes he's doing a cruel thing to the poor girls on this here campus—He hung his pin on one of the little home town socialites—Local papers probably said 'Home town girl makes good with Sig Pi pin.'

Dolores Nagoda has been having one exciting life lately, between managing the Alpha Chi Omega plantation and the pride of Illinois—needn't mention his name—it's been in print too much now, anyway. However, no one has mentioned yet that nite in Kitty Davis's Cocktail Bar in Chicago when Spurgeon, the present—and Sayre, the past—were celebrating along with Costello and A. Pope, and room-mate Al. What a nite—but for further information about it all ask Toni Goddard, Gamma Phi, and Ruth Zinke, Kappa Delt. Particularly ask Toni about how her Aunt Mable's great illness helped the situation—.

Bill Haviland, Sig Pi, deserves a medal for bravery—after waiting about 35 minutes for Ruth Bateman, he walks out of the Alpha Gam dungeon—at 12 o'clock she calls the Sig Pi house frantically and he calmly informs her he 'got tired of waiting.'

Some Phi Gam got the shock of his life the other day when he saw a Phi Gamma Delta pin floating down the broadwalk towards him—he pinched himself and then moved up closer to inspect—imagine his surprise when he saw that very little Alpha Chi Omega, Frances Grant, hiding behind it.

Little Frances Wilson—that S. S. and G. girl from the Alpha Delta Phi house has such a pensive look these days —what is this thing called LOVE?

Peggy Oldham, Alpha Gam, can't cut loose from the Theta Xi's. When she lost out on that race between the Kappa's, Alpha Gam's, and A. O. Pi's, she mended her broken heart by dating Phil Dougherty's room-mate. Nita Potter, A. O. Pi, came in first—so she borrows Scot Wellers pin so Phil can hang it on her—a house mother enters into the picture too.

Virginia Merriner, Alpha Gam, cut down on her activities and studying but she didn't cut down on her Zeta Psi—no sir—he must be soothing to the nervous system, or something.

Phyllis Burns, one of the better A. O. Pi's, looks well clinging onto Paul Neidhardt's arm—and they certainly did strut around at the Scabbard and Blade formal—that was probably one of Paul's big nites, too. Rosalia Freda has a romeo that can't be bothered calling her up directly for a date—he sends a telegram and demands an answer that way—and it costs her just as much to say "No" as it does for him to say a mouthful.

The Pitann sisters of the Alpha Phi domicile (dump) are up and coming blondes—however, Paula nearly had one big spill the nite she jumped on her date's hat at some radio dance—the 'gentleman' put out his arm and in one swing sends her sailing—a weak, muffled voice from the corner cried, "Y'd' might at least wait until you got me outside." Yes, mister—that's what I say—where's your manners?

Speaking of blondes brings to mind the two "sirenish" pledges of the Alpha Xi Delt's. Marion Hales celebrated her birthday in one big way—while being enmeshed by Bob Roos (T. K. E.) charms, the lights went out. A new fuse is put in—again they all go out—what did she use as a bribe? Mary Alice Zielinski, that baby-faced, blue-eyed blonde, thinks men just a convenience, not a necessity. However, she was awfully happy when Bill Wyatt, a Deke, visited her in Chicago one week-end—maybe he's a necessary convenience.

Dotty Soukup, Beta Phi Alpha, made quite a hit at the Pi Mu Delt hard-times party. It wouldn't be hard for her to make a 'hit' any time, from what I hear—she has S. S. and G. with an "umph" to it.

June Underwood, B. S. O., is just a small town girl making good in a small-town way—she's been sporting a Pi Kappa Phi badge these last few weeks—remember Beloit College, June?

Kay Lightbody has been comparatively quiet and unnoticeable this year—for a Chi O, and for a Chi O, like Kay that is down-right exceptional. Speaking of Chi Omega's that get around in a quiet way—but *Do* get around, is dark-eyed Marion Snyder—Kammy's Annex with a Kappa Sig or two or three—that's college.

Silly, sappy, dizzy Bunny Pinniger is one Tri Delt pledge you can't keep down. She's intensely interested in only one subject—the first letter in this subject starts with M—the, the middle initial is repeated twice in amiable—and the word ends in N. Phren's on Green is her classroom.

Rachel Collins—that Harlow type of femininity—is putting the Tri Delt house more in the center of the map—so what. Speaking of the Delta, Delta Delta's brings to mind a little present they received a while back—a bag of rocks with the poem "A bag of rocks to a bunch of crocks"—they call this an institution of higher learning, and stuff.

Jane Rausch—transfer from Rockford college—and Theta pledge, is really hit "hard"—she thinks there is nothing like that one tow-headed Chi Psi—the sad part of the whole situation is that Jane has a double—Sarah Richardt, another pledge there. Now Dave is a near-sighted boy—and complications arise.

Caroline Agnew (KAT) pulls a fast one on a Psi U,—a supposed man about town. Here he was toting her around and feeling like he was getting right in there and she ups and takes a Sig Nu pin. That's life, Joey.



Season's Greetings

We extend to you our best wishes for the holidays—and invite you to come down and get acquainted with us.

AT THE

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*The Home of the Famous
Tenderloin Steak*

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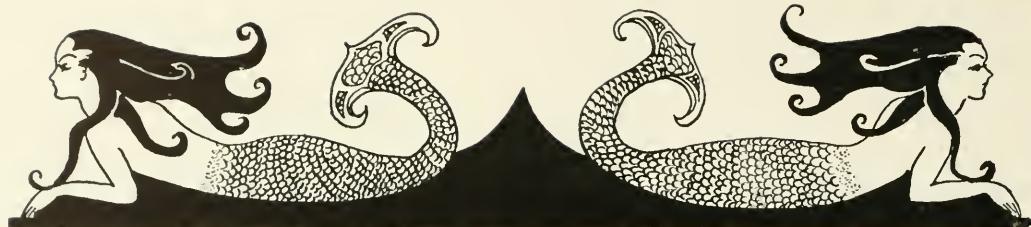
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VOLUME XXVII
NUMBER 2

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OFFICE

Third Floor.....	<i>Student Center</i>
Hours.....	4:00-5:00 Daily

Out of the Waste Basket

FRESHMEN FROLICS

Prof. (in Rhet. class)—Give me a definition of humorist.

Frosh (who was honor student in high school)—A humorist is a guy who listens impatiently to your story and then tells a "good one" of his own.

* * *

P. E. Instructor—Did you take a swim this morning?

Freshman—No, is there one missing?

* * *

Prof. Blanchard (in a geography lecture)—In the arctic they live on candles and blubber.

Voice from back of room—I think I would too if I had to eat candles.

Frosh—What is the date, please?

Prof.—Never mind the date. The examination is more important.

Frosh—Well, Professor, I wanted to have something right on my paper.

* * *

Student Colonel—Hey, you, mark time!

Frosh—with my feet, sir?

Student Colonel—Have you ever seen anything mark time with its hands?

Frosh—Clocks do, sir.

* * *

Senior—You say you flunked your physiology course? How come?

Frog—The instructor caught me counting my ribs!

Co-ed (frosh)—My economics course is becoming quite a problem to me.

Second Ditto—The professor should make you stay after class till it's easier.

First co-ed—He does, that's the problem.

—S—

CONSIDERATE

Harry: "Ah, there you are. Where have you been during the last three dances?"

Alma: "Jimmy was showing me some new steps."

Harry: "Were they hard?"

Alma: "No. We took some cushions along." *Old Line.*

CARVER'S say—*it is*

Just before Christmas,

and all through the store,

Each personal Santa is buying galore:

For Grandpa a muffler as Scottish as heather,

For Dad—pigskin gloves that defy stormy weather,

For Brother, we mention some smart English hose,

Or a few pocket handkerchiefs (not for his nose).

For Uncle—a tie from a far-East Bazaar,

Or a new fangled golf shirt to help him hit par;

And if it's the sweetheart for gifts you inquire,

(You'll want him to look like a page from Esquire)

Choosing for him induces a frown,

Here's a tip that will win him—a new dressing gown!

And if he is fond of chasing "Bright Lights,"

Silk lounging pajamas will keep him in nights.

Buying for Christmas undoubtedly wakes-up,

The Peter Pan feeling that lurks in your make-up.

You'll have to admit it's more pleasing than shocking,

To find yourself wanting to hang up your stocking!

We humbly confess we've outdone ourselves,

We've practically piled the whole world on our shelves!

The choicest of gifts from far and from near,

Whatever you're seeking is sure to be here.

To top it all off, you consider how nice is

The fact that you're paying the fairest of prices!

The store is so festive with colorful holly,

The wreaths and the crowds, so happy and jolly,

That even the red-paper bells seem to jingle!

(A perfectly obvious rhyme for Kriss Kringle).

It's all so exciting—why shouldn't you cheer,

Merry Christmas to all and a Happy New Year

CARVER'S

Under the Management of Lou Overgard '34

THE HOME OF HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES



A GIFT OF PLEASURE
My spirit—the spirit of Christmas-giving—is abroad in the land. A gift that expresses that spirit, and brings pleasure to every home, both great and small, is rare indeed. Such a gift, my friends, is LUCKY STRIKE.

Santa Claus

Luckies—a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

C
elgufsi

v.27

Siren

PARY OF

B.I.O.

ILLINOIS



Twenty
Cents

FEBRUARY, 1937



Gentle on Your Throat

ONE REASON A LIGHT SMOKE IS BETTER FOR YOU

Keep your throat clear... your voice clear.
Choose the smoke that treats you right... the light
smoke of Luckies. Lucky Strike is the one cigarette
to benefit from the famous process, "It's Toasted."
And "Toasting" removes certain harsh irritants
naturally present in even the finest tobacco. That's why
Lucky Strike—a light smoke—is kind to your throat,
gentle when you inhale, better for you in every way.



a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO - "IT'S TOASTED"

OUR OWN TIME TABLE

PIPE COURSES

A new curricula for students desiring to remain in school after last semester.

Music

Professor Stringloose, violinist, chief instructor.

Courses:

Music 691-A	Roman Band Instruments	3 hrs.
Music 621-C	Jungle Rhythm	3 hrs.
Music 671-P	Bughouse Rhythm	5 hrs.
Music 23-V	Slappin the Bass Viol	2 hrs.
Music 8V8-Z	Table Music—How to Swing With a Bowl of Soup	4 hrs.

Biology

Professor Violet Roseberry

Courses:

Biology 6x	Two-lips, and Their Care	3 hrs.
Biology 22	Pansies, and what happens to them	3 hrs.
Biology 5b	Wild life, where to find it	3 hrs.
Biology 134-A	Opium making—prerequisite open only to wild poppies	5 hrs.

Chemistry

Courses:

Professor Tessie A. Tube

Chem 51c	Unknowns, including telephone nos.	3 hrs.
Chem 22a	Solutions, lavender ladies, etc.	3 hrs.
Chem 16b	Atoms and eves	2 hrs.
Chem 16a	Ions, practical use of	1 hr.

Geography

Professor O. Whatta Map

Courses:

Geog. 55 (local)	Where Mercedes lives	3 hrs.
Geog. 31 (ditto)	Who the hell cares	1 hr.
Geog. 1x	River courses (lab. 2 hrs.)	4 hrs.
Geog. 100b	Doldrums, cyclones, and famous tombstones	3 hrs.

Civics

Professor Earl Overtown

Courses:

Civics 2A-	Taxes and taxis in the twin cities, and how to avoid them	3 hrs.
Civics 66a	Elements of tax evasion	5 hrs.
Civics 68lb	Principles of back slapping and baby judging	

Speech

Professor M. Y. Tongstyed

Courses:

Speech 17	Shoutin down the rain barrel (hoops)	3 hrs.
Speech 45	Stavin off the beer barrel	3 hrs.
Speech 7-11z	How to out talk a woman	24 hrs.

P. E.

Professor I. M. Musslebound

Courses:

PE 21a	Underwater ice hockey	2 hrs.
PE 25	Dancing with your shadow, for dates less dames and guys	2 hrs.
PE 29	Chess, checkers, bridge, and monopoly	3 hrs.

Sociology

Professor O. What People

Courses:

Soc. 23a	Down with women (for men only)	3 hrs.
Soc. 23b	Down with men (for women only)	3 hrs.
Soc. 23c	Down with professors (for students)	3 hrs.

Entomology

Professor A. Bugg

Courses:

Entom. 78	Barflies and their control	4 hrs.
Entom. 61	Body pheasants and crickets	3 hrs.
Entom. 53	Rats, etc. Traps and how to shut 'em	3 hrs.
Entom. 3	Picnicking on ant hills	3 hrs.

Psychology

Professor I. Don't Mind

Courses:

Psych. 89	How to figure women out (this is a damn tough course)	6 hrs.
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Minerology

Professor I. M. Filthy

Courses:

Min. 6b	Dirt, and how to dig it up	7 hrs.
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Dairy Husbandry

Professor Ima Cowe

Courses:

DH 45	Bull—how to spread it	4 hrs.
DH47a	Culture of chocolate milk	1 hr.
DH 1	Formal introduction to cows	3 hrs.
DH268	Milking (if unknown, take an udder course)	2 hrs.

Library Science

Professor J. T. Punyage

Courses:

LS 43	The book—or—how to stack it	5 hrs.
-------	-----------------------------	--------

Zoology

Professor I. B. Bare

Courses:

Zob. 67	Polecats—how to raise a stink	7 hrs.
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Mathematics

Professor O. My Figgur

Courses:

Math. 1	Addition—for skinny guys	1-2 hrs.
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(Continued on Page 79)

features

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It Can't Happen Here -----	Page 76
Dise 'N Data -----	Page 82
Staff -----	Page 86

*cover by***BETTY ISENBARGER**

● BACK
AGAIN ●
ISSUE

February, 1937

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of The Siren published six times a year (Sept., Nov., Dec., Feb., April, May) at Urbana, Illinois for February, 1937.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Champaign } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Harry Model, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of The Siren and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations.

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Illini Publishing Company, University Station, Urbana, Illinois;

Editor, James A. Will, Champaign, Illinois.

Business Manager, Harry Model, Champaign, Illinois.

That the owner is: The Illini Publishing Company, a non-commercial organization whose directors are W. E. Britton, O. A. Lentwiler, F. H. Turner, Delores Nagoda, Jack R. Grimm, John O'Byrne, F. S. Siebert, Alice Hudelson.

HARRY MODELL, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1936.
(SEAL.)

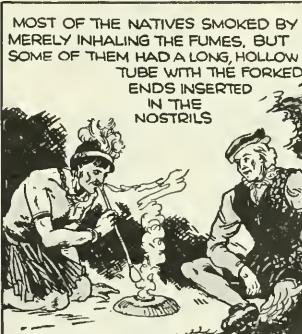
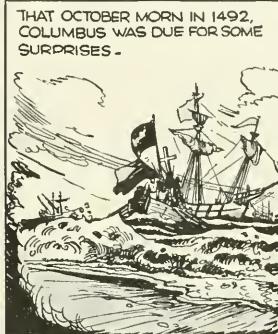
MARGARET E. WALSH,
Notary Public.

JIM WILL
Editor

HARRY MODELL
Business Manager

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

DON'T MISS THIS FAIR AND SQUARE OFFER!

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

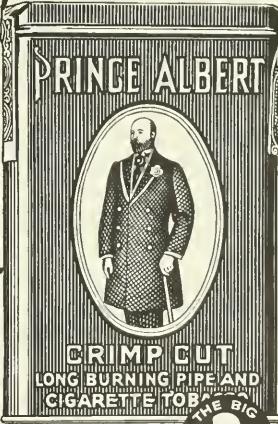
PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT IS MILD... THE 'BITE' IS REMOVED

TRUST 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. TO GIVE COOLER SMOKING

I ROLL 'EM QUICKER AND EASIER USING PRINCE ALBERT

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

2
OUNCE
RED TIN



THE NEW GYM

Ed— . . . and when I promised to marry her she asked for something more concrete.

Red—I wonder what cement.
—*Sundial*.

—S—

She: "You're the kind of a man a woman can trust."

He: "Say, haven't we met before? Your faith is familiar."

Penn Punch Bowl.

—S—

Wife: "Goodness, George, this is not our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

Hubby: "Shut up. This is a better carriage." —*Wampus*.

—S—

"Let's go on a bat. The old man just sent me a money order for one hundred dollars."

"Sorry. I can't. Mine just sent me an order for money."

—*Swiped*.

—S—

The customary "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" was changed by a Missouri paper to "Hatched, Matched, and Snatched," says the St. Louis U. News. A Florida journal offered as another variation "Yells, Bells, and Knells."

—S—

"Waitress, what's wrong with these eggs?"

"I don't know. I only laid the table." —*Showme*.

—S—

"Look at the wrinkles on that co'd's neck!"

"Wrinkles, hell! Those are Service Stripes!" —*Voo Doo*.

—S—

"I want to buy some bread."

"Brown or white?"

"It doesn't make any difference. I'm buyer of the Home for the Blind."

TWO SECOND DRAMAS

Scene: A cannibal island.

Characters: He and she.

She: Help! Help! My father has just been caught by the cannibal chief!

He: Oh, so that's what's been eating the old man!

Scene: A street corner.

Characters: Two guys.

First Guy: Did you ever see a volcano?

Second Guy: What's that?

First Guy: Well, a volcano is a thing that snorts and belches.

Second Guy: See one! I married one.

—S—

Enter Kappa Pledge bearing a book.

Active: Whatcha got?

Pledge: Last Days of Pompeii.

Active: Well—what did he die of?

Pledge: Oh—some sort of eruption.

—*Swiped*.

—S—

TO THE MEN

I'm sick of hearing puerile puns;

I'm sick of feeble gags.

I'm sick of hearing smutty jokes
From gents who think they're wags.

I'm sick of learning, knowing looks

From wise and wolfish guys;

I'm sick of being brought and coy

While listening to their lies.

I'm sick of men who take out girls

And show off to impress them;

I'm sick of men in general—

I hate the men—God bless them.

—*Medley*.

—S—

"Hurricane is Expected to Miss America."

—Morgantown (W. V.) Post.
Just a windbag, eh? —*Tiger*.

She was planning her part in the trial with her father and lawyer. They had arranged everything that she was to say, drilled her in how she was to act, and now she was telling them what she'd wear.

"I'll wear a slinky, black, form-fitting dress, dye my hair blonde, paint up as brightly as I can, put on some sensuous perfume, cross my legs as revealingly as I can, and chew and smoke as they'll let me in court."

Her father, a staid old minister, objected. "But, dear, I can't let you go like that. You'll look awfully hard."

Carelessly she replied: "Maybe. But so will the jury."

—*Swiped*.

—S—

Shailer: "The Eskimos are a sad race."

Simpson: "How's that?"

Shailer: "All they do is sit around and eat whale meat and blubber."

—*Colgate Banter*.

—S—

"Let's sit in the first row orchestra. We can get a bird's eye view of the chorus."

"How come?"

"We'll let our eyes flit from limb to limb."

—*Widow*.

—S—

Tough Soph: "Rat, you are about the greenest thing I have ever seen. Why, look at the hayseeds on your coat."

Meek Rat: "Them ain't hayseeds, wise guy, them's wild oats."

—S—

Magistrate: Are you sure he was drunk?

Wife: Was he; he brought home a man-hole cover and tried to play it on the Victrola.

—*Wildcat*.

—S—

NEST EGG

"My husband left me a million dollars when he died."

"My, you're awfully lucky!"

"Oh, I don't know. I had five million when I married him."

—*Swiped*.

. THINGS



Among the better New Year's Eve party in the Chicago area that were attended by Illini was the one given at the Deke chapter of the U. of C. Plenty of spirit (s) was in evidence. The orchestra was too wet to play together, but it sounded too good to those present. Eddie Gleason and Joe Coleman, late of the Chi Psi shack, were present. Incidentally, Eddie, who just graduated, finally completed his two basic years of military after failing to stay in it more than eight semesters. He ought to be eligible for a bonus.

Little Inez Caudera has been so busy writing other people's business in that now favorite column of the Illini that she forgot to mention that she startled half the *campus* by giving back Tom Gunning's pin—Theta Chi.

Little Virginia Farmer, Kappa, and Bill Charle, Deke, have one big disappointment in life — Jane Mangus and her Deke are always spoiling their fun. For instance, Ginney and Bill spend a whole day fixing beautiful decorations for a party—they try to put them high so no one can tear them down—Jane Mangus and Milt arrive—reach up their hands and nonchalantly pull down the whole she-bang. Virginia threatens to plaster poison ivy around next time.

Kit Porter, Tri Delt, is in such a habit of pulling fast ones that she unconsciously tried a trick that backfired. Fluttering her long eyelashes she coyly bet Bill Bowen, Phi Delt, that the cute little Pifi, Dottie Clark, wouldn't take his pin if he offered it—then she made the big mistake of making big stakes so he couldn't refuse. Dottie gets the pin, Bill gets a good looking girl for his very own, the Phi Dels get a box of cigars—and Kit gets an empty pocketbook, a broken heart, and a moral lesson.

Edith Lang, A. O. Pi, has only one big ambition before leaving college; she has been trying to get this in print for so long she probably will faint when she sees it. It seems the great Edie's only aim in college is to be in the middle of a football huddle—someday—comes to all who wait—life is like that!



'N STUFF . . .

There's been an awful lot of mud slinging done at one certain big little shot on campus—a Phi Gamma by name of Eddie creampuff Dykstra. Here's the horrible truth: Said Eddie offers his pin to two gals at the same time—for awhile he pesters them both and both refuse. Well, after Helen Oehler, indep—and Cora Hanna, K. D., tell him to head in—he tried Jane Rennie—but she wouldn't have any of him. Now, he has one of his pins on home talent but this other pin is burning his vest—"who will take my frat pin." Finally, after much search a little blond on the Illinois campus, who didn't know what a shyster our Eddie was—took the bloomin' thing. Now Eddie is once more the 'man with affairs.'



The best story of New Year's Eve heard so far is the one about Carl Krause who woke up New Year's morning in the Elks Club hall in St. Louis—sitting in the seat of "JUSTICE." He doubts whether his sub conscious mind had anything to do with it—the word "conscious" wasn't in his vocabulary that night.

Altal Jokesch got a beautiful huge diamond dinner ring from her Sig Ep for Christmas which she is sporting around—beauty via beauty—and both are of the cold sort.

Imogene Sturgeon, Kappa '38, has a big sparkler from Ed Boyton '35. They expect the event to event itself in the near future—they already have one present—their new home from Boyton, Sr.

The shock of the year was when Roger Benedict—D U grad in '36 from engineering school, came back and hung his pin on little dark-eyed Marie. He always said there would be a definite reason for such an act before he'd do it—"Marie definite reason Bartoni" sits and looks at it all day long and sighs for her Roger who is out of the state working. Definite Reason?????

Flash! The Scout Column has been told that they have to have more dirt—pin hanging, etc.—so they have a stooge in nearly every house—you can't trust your own friends now—if ya' ever could.

(Continued on Page 79)





"Well, I was editor of the Campus Humor Magazine."
"But we already have an editor."

GIRL DRESSING DEPT.

"There are two men outside watching you dress."

"You should see the crowds on Saturday nights."

* *

"There are two men outside watching you dress."

"Hah! You should have seen the crowds when I was younger."

* *

"There are two men outside watching you dress."

"So what?"

* *

—S—

MARRIAGE DEPT.

"I hear you'd like to marry my daughter. How long have you been going around in fast company?"

"We've been engaged for three months."

* *

"I'm going to marry a pretty girl who is intelligent."

"What! Two wives?"

* *

"Was he on his knees when he proposed?"

"No. I was."

FLY AND SOUP DEPT.

"There's a fly in my soup."

"That's OK. He won't drink much."

* *

"There's a fly in my soup."

"That's OK. He's dead."

* *

"There's a fly in my soup."

"What do you want me to do? I'm no lifeguard."

* *

"There's a fly in my soup."

"That's no fly. That's a cockroach."

"Oh! Beg pardon."

* *

"There's a fly in my soup."

"Whaddaya want for a dime? A humming bird?"

* *

"There's a fly in my soup."

"Take him out. You don't want to see him drown!"

* *

"There's a fly in my soup."

"Well, what am I supposed to do?"

"Waiter, I think there's a fly in my soup."

"Well, make sure, I can't be bothered by rumors."

—Owl.

—S—

OLD LADY—LITTLE BOY DEPT.

Old Lady (in theatre)—Little boy, why aren't you in school today?

Little Boy—Hell, lady, I got the measles.

* *

Old Lady—Little boy, I wouldn't kick my sister around the street like that if I were you.

Little Boy—Oh, it's all right. She's dead.

* *

Old Lady—You don't smoke, do you?

Little Boy—No, ma'am, but I can let you have a chew of tobacco.

* *

Old Lady—Little boy, you don't smoke, do you?

Little Boy—No, ma'am, but I get pretty hot sometimes.

Hotel Clerk—Why don't you wipe the mud off your shoes when you come in here?

Man from Kentucky — What shoes?

—Exchange.

—S—

Senior—How long you been shaving?

Frosh—Four years now.

Senior—G'wan.

Frosh—Yeah. Cut myself both times.

—Red Cat.

—S—

Preacher—Will you have this woman to be your wedded wife?

Groom—Say, what do you think I'm here for?

—Drexord.

First—See that girl? That's my girl.

Second—Uh-huh! Good looking fox scarf she's got on.

First—Yeah, I gave her that.

Second—She's a good looking mama. Pretty hat.

First—Yep, I gave her that.

Second—In fact that whole outfit she's wearing is swell—elegant.

First—Shaore it is, I gave it to her.

Second—And say, that's a cute little boy she has with her.

First—Yeah. That's her brother.

—Pilfered.

—S—

Smith—Quite a few of our graduates are now working girls.

Vassar—Well, quite a few of ours are working men.

—Owl.



Say, do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?
Why don't you use a mouth wash?

PIPE "BUSTS UP" HOME!



...then he switched
to the brand of
grand aroma



A GURGLY pipe stuffed with wife-strangling tobacco can wreck a love-nest. So keep your briar clean and tidy, reader; fill it only with Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, sweet-smelling mixture. Sir Walter is Burley, all Burley, Kentucky Burley. A supreme combination of leaf, easier on your tongue and the other half's nose. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool. And quite a bit milder: we've blended it for the man who wants to save his throat (as well as his sweetheart). Try it.



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeten it, how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-72.

HOW TO
TAKE CARE
OF
YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUEENCHAUSEN)
NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P. M., E.S.T.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

GOLDMAN AND GOODMAN

Time—Registration 1977.

Place—Any fraternity—Gamma Alpha Gamma (Guys and Gals).
Seen—It all depends where you were looking.

A gal—Hey Johnny!—Whaddaya say we get spliced this P. M.?

A guy — Wazza racket, babe? — Go'way 'n lemme sleep—Owwww —my head!

1st ditto—Nav, Johnny—nothin' like that—but your last name begins with B and the Boos register six hours ahead of us Grbs this semester.—Aww come on Johnnee,

2nd ditto—Oh well, what can I lose? Come on, Babe, hand me my shirt and let's get goin'; but we'll get this annulled before the Zeta formal tonight. There's no sense in takin' all the kick out of the party.

(Curtain falls)

Seen too—

Another guy—(In Shower)—Listen, Pete, didn't I tell you to wake me for that Fizziology final this morning? I wanted to finish it before I signed up for next semester.

Also another guy—I was going to wake you, Charley, but the Prof. dragged the X-ray machine over here and gave you the quiz while you were pounding the pillow. We had to roll you over once though, in order to get that Rye highball formula that you had stuck away between your cerebellum and medulla.

1st ditto—Could you tell how I made out?

2nd ditto—The orange light only

flashed three times during the cocktail questionnaire, but you had the straight drinks down cold.

1st ditto—You're telling me. Hand me that glass of Bromo!

(Curtain falls)

Seen free—The library during registration 1977.

A student (he hopes)—I understand that they're putting that new registration contraption back into use this term. You know, they started to use it last semester before it was perfected, and it manufactured seventeen Phi Beta Kappas before they could shut it off.

Another ditto—You took some electrical engineering in that milk shake brewing course, Aloysius; how does the thing work?

Still another ditto—Yeh, tell us about it—I still can't figure out why they took out the North Reserve and installed that dynamo.

Aloysius—You see, each student on the day of his registration dresses in clothes which are the colors of his college—the commerce kids dress in grey, the L. A. & S. gang wears their blue, the engineers are decked out in white, etc. In this way they can be separated by the registration machine and sent into the proper college.

A coed—Sure, I entered the L. A. & S. school just so I could wear my blue formal!

Aloysius—The potential registrant is lifted to the fourth floor of the library by an elevator and then is dumped through the proper color slot. He skids by a photo-

electric eye, which automatically determines his height, weight, sex, and family affiliations. At the same time it prints the eighty two duplicate copies which later are taken from the registrar's office and used for the annual Homecoming bon-fire anyway.

Aloysius (is still speaking if anyone is still reading)—When the identification has been made, the head of each individual is exposed to an ultra ray which probes his mental capacity and determines what subjects interest him.

One stude—Now I can see why my room mate was recommended for Engineering 182—curbstone and sewer construction.

Aloysius—As soon as the machine completes its mental survey of the student, he is carried to the compartments of those subjects for which he is best fitted. Here he is stamped with the time and meeting place of his new classes and then released as a fully registered product.

All studes—But give us the day when they invent a contraption that will exterminate that ancient enemy of all collegians tried and true—Ye olde eighte o'clock!!!

(Curtain falls)

Seen four but not foreseen — the dean's office.

Any coed—But I tell you, dean, the strain is too much! Why those three music appreciation courses keep me home practically an evening a week. After all, dean, you know a girl just has to have a little recreation! If my family

(Continued on Page 83)

*..one of the first
pleasures of 1937*



Enjoy

Chesterfield

*-for the good things
smoking can give you*



"Stork came to our house yesterday, and left a baby."
"That's nothing. Crane came to our house and left a bath tub"

*The Flower Shop of
Distinction*

GEO. C.
BARSCHE

Florist

Phone 5800

113 W. University Ave.
Champaign, Illinois

Two stuttering blacksmiths had finished heating a piece of pig iron, and one placed it upon the anvil with a pair of tongs.

"H-h-h-h-hit it," he stuttered to his helper.

"Wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the other.

"Ah, h-h-h-h-hell, we'll have to heat it again, now."

—*Battalion.*

—S—

Country Girl—Paw's the best rifle shot in this country."

City Slicker—And what does that make me?"

Country Girl—My fiance,

—*Punch Bowl.*

Your Shop

605 East Green St.

"On the Campus"

BLOUSES

HOSIERY

SWEATERS

LINGERIE

A Shop for Girls

MORE PIPE COURSES

(Continued from Page 67)

Math. 2	Subtraction for fat gals	3-4 hrs.
Math. 3	Multiplying for old maids	9 hrs.
<i>Architecture</i>		
Professor O. P. Onnabuilding		
Courses:		
Arch. L2x	Tear it down (Uni. Hall) <i>History</i>	1 year
Professor I. Gus So		
Courses:		
Hist. 7	How the sewer lid got in Aunt Edith's oyster stew	5 hrs.
Hist. 7	History of class cutting (lab.)	5 hrs.
<i>Physics</i>		
Professor I. Needit		
Courses:		
Physics 7b	For that morning after <i>Journalism</i>	2 hrs.
Professor (There Ain't none)		
Courses:		
Journ. 8a	Writing for Siren (easiest course in the school)	No credit
Journ. 10b	Art of passing exams	1 hr.
<i>Home Economics</i>		
Professor A. T. Door		
Courses:		
H.E. 1a	Use of can opener (required of all co-eds)	2 hrs.
H.E. 2a	Window washing	3 hrs.
H.E. 10b	Costume party dress design	5 hrs.
<i>Pharmacy</i>		
Professor I. Scream		
Courses:		
Phar. 1a	Principles of making milk shakes	3 hrs.
Phar. 3b	Toasted six deck sandwiches	5 hrs.
Phar. 7b	Salesmanship—selling radios, powder, etc.	5 hrs.
Phar. 13a	Elements of farm economics	2 hrs.
Phar. 111a	Stamp selling NUTS	3 hrs.

MORE DIRT

Fred Joerger is making funny noises in his throat these days—he's had a lot of fun being the "big man" around the Theater Guild and it's going to be just too bad and very sad to have to pass his authority over to Ted Glass—who is coming back to school this semester.

Cam Brown, Psi U, is robbing the cradle. Mary Ann Ramsey, Pifi, who is the freshman popularity gal, was so dazzled by the Senior bigshot windbag that she finally succumbed and is wearing the round-house emblem. What will she do next year?

(Continued on Page 84)

WHEN A GIRL SAYS A MAN BOWLED HER OVER — SHE MAY MEAN HIS BREATH KNOCKED HER DOWN

MORAL:

Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let PEP-O-MINT save yours after eating, smoking and drinking

F R E E !

A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.



"How about a kiss, Girlie?"

"No, I have scruples."

"That's all right, I've been vaccinated."

WOMEN I CAN'T STAND

1. The modern miss who treats you as an equal and likes to talk with perfect frankness about the most intimate subjects.

2. Those who say, "It may be narrow-minded of me, but . . ."

3. Those who smile sweetly at you across the table and gently murmur, "A penny for your thoughts."

4. The girl-athlete who crushes you with her commanding self-assurance.

5. Those who spend your time narrating at length about their amazing capacity for consuming liquor.

6. The sophisticated woman who knows what it's all about and regards all men as potential leechers to be honored but kept in their place.

7. Those who laugh at everything in a high trilling note. Hee, hee, hee, hee.

8. The clever girl who interrupts your speech with gems of wit.

9. Those whose vocabularies are limited to one or two words such as "darling" or "Sweet" or "Cute."

10. Female Svengalis who stare steadily and frankly into your eyes whenever they speak.

11. All others who try to be other than what they are and there aren't any.

—*Swiped.*

**CHEAP**

"When you were in New Orleans did you ever take your date to a gambling house and play for money?"

"Nope, we always went home and played for fun." —*Swiped.*

—S—

It was a dark, foggy night in Edinburgh.

There was one man in the street. He was developing pictures.

—*Pointer.*

—S—

Diner: Waiter, I came in yesterday for a steak.

Waiter: Yes, sir; will you have the same today?

Diner: Well, I might as well, if no one else is using it. —*Log.*

—S—

Kappa: "My boy friend's a pippin."

Gamma: "What's his name?"

Kappa: "Tom."

Gamma: "Ah, a pippin Tom."

—*Swiped.*

—S—

"Did Simpson enjoy her date with Pat Wagner last night?"

"She was never so humiliated in her life. When he started to eat his soup, five couples got up and began dancing."

An Irish witness was being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affair.

"Did you see the shot fired?" asked the judge.

"No sorry; I only heard it."

"The evidence is not satisfactory," replied the judge. "Leave the witness box."

The witness turned around to leave the box and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively.

The judge, indignant at this contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court.

"Did you see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender.

"No, but I heard you," was the irate reply.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat.

—S—

The little bundle of pink flesh squirmed as the adoring mother laid it on a soft, downy blanket. Laughingly the woman leaned over her young one's chubby feet.

"This little piggy went to market,
And this little piggy stayed home.
This little piggy had roast beef,
And —"

"Get the hell away, will you," snarled the baby, "that tickles."

—*Penn State Froth.*

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DISC 'N DATA

By Bill Hennig

Among the Victor records for this month are several which were cut in England. The Roy Fox band, one of Johnny Bull's best, is introducing to the U. S. a trio of swell European melodies which are superior to Tin Pan Alley's usual output. *Play, Orchestra, Play* is coupled with *Cafe Continental* (25438). The former is from the score of Noel Coward's mammoth production *Tonight at 8:30*, a series of nine one-act plays now showing on Broadway at the rate of three an evening. (For those interested in the Coward histrionic splurge there are available on three 12-inch records six widely diversified scenes). The other importation is the best of all. *Serenade in the Night* (25488) is a number that should be a sensation. Paired with it is a guy Lombardo job, *That's Life, I Guess*.

Tommy Dorsey's orchestra is crowding Benny Goodman as the leading swing band of the country. Two songs from the English film *Head Over Heels in Love* are *May I have the Next Romance with You?* and the title tune (25487). The Dorsey boys scorch the wax on the latter. Another platter on which they ride is *Jamboree*, from the film *Top of the Town*, and the old standard *Maple Leaf Rag* (25496). Back with Benny Goodman is the one and only Helen Ward who scores on the smooth pop tunes *Smoke Dreams*, from the Powell-Loy flicker *After the Thin Man*, and *Gee! But You're Swell* (25486).

Ruby Newman's orchestra produced a record that cannot be beat for tricky arrangements. The smartest lyrics of the season are sung by Florence Case, gal with a very torchy voice, in *Down in the Depths* and *What a Dummy Love has made of Me* (25470). From two Broadway musicals, the first is heard in Cole Porter's *Red, Hot and Blue*, the second in Bee Lillie's *The Show Is On*. This record is not for children.

One of the most outstanding Decca orchestras is Henry King's. The pianist-conductor has finally grooved his beautiful theme song *A Blues Serenade* which is the obverse of *My Day Begins and Ends with You* (1063), tenor Joseph Sudy doing both vocals.

When the Isham Jones orchestra disbanded its members decided to continue as a co-operative unit, similar to the Casa Loma band, with vocalist Woody Herman fronting it. The old Jones style is present in *Mr. Ghost Goes to Town* and *Better Get Off Your High Horse* (1079).

Ella Fitzgerald, sexy singer with Chick Webb's orchestra, is our idea of what a good swing singer sounds like. She may be heard on *Swinging on the Reservation*

which is on top of *Blue Lou* (1065) and on *I Got the Spring Fever Blues* above *What a Shuffle* (1087).

Will Osborne and his "glissando" orchestra slide their brasses all over *Where Are You?* and *That Foolish Feeling* (1075), both also from *Top of the Town*.

PARTICULARLY RECOMMENDED

- | | |
|--------|--|
| | Decca |
| 1076 | <i>With Plenty of Money and You All's Fair in Love and War</i>
Henry Busse Orchestra. |
| 1086 | <i>Chicken Reel</i>
<i>Funiculi Funicula</i>
Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra. |
| Victor | |
| 25497 | <i>Jam Session</i>
<i>Somebody Loves Me</i>
Benny Goodman Orchestra. |
| 25481 | <i>Tiger Rag</i>
<i>Whispering</i>
Benny Goodman Quartet. |
| 25484 | <i>The Goose Hangs High</i>
<i>Timber</i>
Guy Lombardo Royal Canadians. |
| 25477 | <i>Summer Night</i>
<i>I Stumbled Over Love</i>
Guy Lombardo Royal Canadians. |

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SOME FUN . . .

S'funny, I always thought that the Mississippi Deltas were some of our frat brothers from the south.

—*Joo-Doo.*

—S—

First—Your husband has a new suit.

Second—No, he hasn't.

First—Well, something is different.

Second—It's a new husband.

—*Drexord.*

—S—

Aunt Hetty—Sakes alive! I don't believe no woman could ever been so fat.

Uncle Hiram—What y' readin' now Betty?

Aunt Hetty—Why, this paper tells about an English woman who lost 2,000 pounds.

—*Drexord.*

—S—

Prof.—Quiet, please. I have been lecturing for nigh onto ten minutes, now, and I haven't been able to hear a word I've said.

Frosh.—That's all right, Prof. You ain't been missin' much.

—*Drexord.*

—S—

"Where'd yawl git that Southern accent?"

"Honey-chile, I'se been drinkin' outen a Dixie Cup."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

—S—



"Pardon me, lady, but are you wearing a garter?"

"How dare you!"

"That's all right. If you were, I don't suppose your stocking would be dragging down around your ankle that way."

—*Red Cat.*

—S—

Pooh! Pooh! Harvard!

Pooh! Pooh! Yale!

We get our knowledge

Through the mail!

We're no idiots,

We're no fools,

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Correspondence schools!

—*Battalion.*

—S—

PROGRESS

Two men had just made their exit out of a theater, and evidently it had been a very poor picture by the expressions on their faces, when one turned to the other and said, "You know, it certainly is wonderful how pictures have advanced these last few years."

"How so?"

"Well, first there were the silent pictures, then there were talkies, and now this one smells!"

—*Cornell Widow.*

—S—

"Professor, would you come down to my fraternity house for dinner tonight?"

"Now, now, don't worry. I'll pass you in the course without your poisoning me."

—*Yale Record.*

—S—

Absent-minded Prof.: I forgot to take my umbrella this morning.

Wife: When did you miss it?

Prof.: When I reached up to close it after the rain had stopped.

—*Longhorn.*

—S—

"Waiter, I'll have pork chops with French fries and I'll have the chops lean."

"Yes, sir, which way?"

—*Octopus.*

It Can't Happen Here

(Continued from Page 76)

knew that I was carrying six hours a semester,—why it's just more than a girl can stand! After all I have my social obligations dontchano!!

Dean—Aw, my poor witsy bitsy baby! Has the nasty ol' dean been working his little Peggy to hardy wardy. Tell the nasty ol' deanie weenie—does his little girl like artie wartie better than those horrid ol' music courses?

Any coed—Sure, Dean, I like pretty pictures.

Dean—All right then—We'll give our little honey credit for the courses she was going to take and change her to the art schoolie—Isn't that peachy?

Any coed—Aw, deanie, you're a dear—But I don't know anything about art.

Dean—You'll learn, my sweet, you'll learn—incidentally, have I ever shown you my collection of etchings? (My, how times haven't changed!!)

(Whole Stage Collapses)

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THINGS 'N STUFF

(Continued from Page 79)

It's a good thing Keith Young, KDR, quit the art school when he did. Many more Friday afternoons like that of November 20 and Frank Porter, Chi Psi, wouldn't be here either. Remember, Frankie?

On the most crowded bus in Chambana, Corky Koreeck, TKE, yelled from the front, "Hey, Sam." Muffled voice in the rear, "Yeah?" Corky, "Come here."

Skippy DeMolin is a man of few words but much action. He hangs his pin on his Alpha Xi, Pearl Lauth and then has coke dates with the pride of the Delta Gamma shanty. Speaking of Skippy reminds us of the Sig Ep formal—what did Roy Hendrickson find to do until 4:30 a. m. with his little blond import?

There's a sad story about a certain Sig Nu that brings tears to the eyes and a faltering of the voice. It seems this nice little boy donated practically his whole life to one blond—several years ago she ups and gets married—then divorce—then Amos again. It was all so sweet and he was counting the days—so was she, but it seems she had another plan in mind, and no Sig Nu was in it.

A certain Don Gaylord Jr., of Urbana, is a very indep sort of guy—but he has one horrible weakness—"red satin lounging pajamas with a huge white dragon embroidered on the back." He dreams about them—draws them and every week goes down to Kaufman's and gazes at them—what a man, Gaylord!

Extra Kappa News—Nancy Riley is deserting small town stuff for wide open spaces—and a dude ranch. Mary Jane Griffin is leaving for St. Mary's College—Notre Dame. Little Ceci Franks is doing nothing more illustrious than going steady with Stewy Morrison—Phi Kappa Sig.

Marg. McGarry, another A. O. Pi babyface has developed one horrible habit of talking in her sleep—she goo-goo's and gaga's half the nite and then suddenly shouts out—"No, I won't take your pin—I won't ever take any pin." When her sisters told her about it the next morning she claimed there couldn't be a word of truth in it—so you will after all, Marg.

Clarence (Chuck) Rowe (pronounced Rho) had to put off banging his newly-acquired pin until his red head got over a severe cold—he claims there's nothing romantic in hearing "I lob 'ou, Cla-wenee, sniff-sniff—kereHEW." And Dolly Laurenee can make the most G-awful faces.

Gene Young, prez of Farmhouse, is getting razzed in one big way. It seems he has an awful time with his women being faithful. Last year he thought he had one little female all sewed up—and she up and takes somebody else's pin. This year he was getting up steamed about Jane McIntyre, K. D.—and she takes a diamond from the big moment at him. "His mother didn't warn him often 'nuff."

The Theta Xi's take a group interest in a special Gamma Phi. It seems she doesn't re-act right under pressure and the dear brothers finally decided to call it quits—that is, all but one.

"Braggerio Phil awful mess Doherty" has let his newly-acquired publicity go to his head — he thinks he's even better than he thought he was before—so the gal, Joe Miller, will certainly succumb to HIS wiles!

Hank Radi, gave his chubby little blond at home a great big moment of overflowing happiness when he offered her his Lambda Chi pin. She's very happy—Hank's very happy—and so what the h—!

Fay Melville—Davenport House, has dated everyone from the Editor down to the office boy on the Urbana Evening Courier—in fact, one cub reporter suggested that she be added to the policy of the paper—except policies go on forever. Everett Hundley sort of sits back and watches the whole proceedings and hauls her out when he gets the chance.

One man about town, John Vahrenholds is a cynic on women—they are Burlaps—bags—frills—twists—freezes—pests—Janes—and dames. A gal isn't just a gal—a pretty, soft piece of eminent appeal — NO, she's a horse — a cow — a general nuisance.

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Although Eadie Lang, AOPi, took Clare Aitken's Deke badge as a joke, she still has it. Does she think the Chi Psis next door feel bad about it?

Flash! It is rumored the Dekes have found a wonderman in their pledge class. They sure have been needing one. Could it be the "good looking" problem child, Jimmie Austin? He's the original "Joe College."

Artie Collins, Vince O'Malley, and Howie Dodge, the Chi Psi lovers, spent a part of their vacation at Ruthie Large's home in Rockford. Rumor hath it that all but Howie were their usual "crude" selves and that the Theta queen's family thought he was a perfect gent. The evils of drink. To all concerned, however, Dottee Turner, (pronounced Dotty Turner) Delta Gam, is wearing Delt Frank Horn's pin again. Wish she'd make up her mind. Remember, Frank, third time is the charm.

Wonder what "Willy" Locke, KDR, meant when he said "wait a minute" to Betty Annis in the Sager House vestibule the other night?

Those architects! Grable Weber, Psi U, remembers when he took hygiene. (Always remove wet clothing to avoid a cold, etc.) Weber must have feared pneumonia for he was working in the third floor drafting room in just his shirt while his clothes dried, that soggy evening in December.

This Jane Tharp, Sager House, R. C. A. Purl, Indee, combination seems to be serious. (That one-ninth of the alphabet stands for Raymond Charles Arthur, in case you're curious).

TKE Louis Petersen will be receiving callers at McKinley Hospital if we hear him say again, "Turn off Benny Goodman, boys, the Philadelphia Symphony is on."

Another Theta Chi, Haines—discovered he can't have his cake and eat it—or something. Anyway Thanksgiving he marries 'the only girl' and leaves her out in Oklahoma—comes back and doesn't do so well with his A. B. C.'s—so he goes back to his bride with just a pledge button to his credit.

Mac "Ain't I Good Looking?" Chandler, Chi Psi sophomore, is a hard man to down. It seems like the little bug which inflicts that horrible disease known as "sophomoreitis" hit him pretty hard last fall, and he has been going along in blissful ignorance ever since. What he can't understand is: why won't the Theta smoothies go out with him? Both "Toothie" Large and Jean Hoebel over there have been the objects of his affections, but they seem to prefer the company of other Chi Psis. Jean, the delicate one, stood Mac up about four times before he caught on. Chiseling does not pay.

Jeanette Lloyd, cute little AOPi freshman, and Dean Bohlen, Alpha Delt vice-prez, are very much in earnest. He is her only reason for staying in school, so 'tis said, but she will not take his star and crescent emblem 'til next June.

As long as the Courier has once been mentioned it would be good to bring in here the little story about the certain soph that spends his spare time working for the great newspaper. Now Glen Slusher has the unholy desire to be a "big shot" and if he can't be one he can at least talk one. So he tells his beautious admirers—including one Theta and one Gamma Phi (Weber) that he practically owns the damn paper. Imagine his blight one day when driving up with the truck, all dirty and hot, he hauled out a bunch of papers—suddenly looked up to see one of the girls standing near—so he runs and hides until she leaves.

Oh, these Simpsons—whether it be a king or a Jack pot—they get their 'object.' Now take this Tillie person of the TriDelt shack. She doesn't want notoriety, publicity—in fact, nothing to do with a scandal sheet. But secretly she's so proud of being in that she boosts the sales 25 per cent by buying so many copies and sending them around—she's a valuable gal to remember.

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UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS

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FOUNDED 1912

VOLUME XXVII
NUMBER 4

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Published 6 months, September, November, December, February, April, May, during the school year, by the Illinois Publishing Co., University Station, Urbana, Illinois. Address all communications to The Siren, University Station, Urbana, Illinois. Twenty cents the copy. Entered as second class matter at the Post-office at Urbana, Illinois by act of Congress March 3, 1879. Exclusive reprint rights on all material under five hundred words granted recognized college humor magazines.

HOURS
4 to 5 Daily

Out of the Waste Basket

We really didn't mind when two blackface comedians stole the key to our office and took all the exchange magazines with our jokes inside; nor when someone borrowed SIREN Queen Ann Meffley's picture just as we were going to press; nor when the best part of the only good joke in last month's issue was missing; not even when our last month's editorial (you can call it that too) disappeared—HELL NO. We really didn't get mad until someone swiped our tux pants the nite of the Sophomore Cotillion —We just laughed—like H-E-L-L.

Well, here it is February again, and a new semester; and Boy! doesn't it feel great to be back? (if you didn't get back just forget this because we wrote this last semester so maybe we aren't here either).

Maybe we are a little late, but here are our resolutions: More dirt, and not this sissy stuff that the ILLINI calls "scandal"; no stuff about Chi Omega, it's new house — or houses; not many dirty remarks about that lousy, terrible, unfunny, campaigning Scout column. Nor will we say anything nasty or naughty about anyone (not much), or write

any more good campus humor, or draw anymore cartoons, or get any more ads to keep this damn thing going. HELL NO we won't—and we won't be here either.

So now that all the politicians have chosen the real beauty queens for us let's sit back and watch them tear themselves apart in the elections (we hope). And as w—HELL! someone stole our typewriter—

Yours,
JIM WILL.



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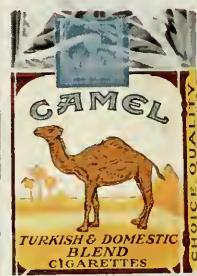


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